The Next Life, by Alan Barnes & Gary Russell

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[Part One]

(Footsteps on gravel. A man with a slight French accent speaks.)
KEEP: So, it is you. Come in. I will not bite. Come, little jungle girl, come. Yes, yes, pull the canvas down behind you. See? You are quite safe. Why not sit yourself down here, in the lamp light. Yes, yes, by the box full of sun. No, no, girl. No, you do not have to kneel. There. Good. You told no one you were coming, no one saw you leave the camp fire? Good. Good. So, you want to see my magic, hah? You want to see my games. How about a shiny coin the air? Take it, it's yours. Pardon? Oh, on the head side. Yes, it is a fair likeness, is it not? Of course, I was younger then, and my chin was more pronounce. What? What? Another? Another trick for my little jungle princess?
(Claps hands, bird chirps.)
KEEP: Oh, I wonder where that came from, huh? No, no, there's nothing up my sleeve. Farewell, little song bird. (sighs) But these are so easy. You know what I want, girl. Did you find it? No. Ah. Well, never mind, it's not so important now. Now then, you want to see some real magic, yes? I knew it. Very well, but you will have to move a little closer. A little closer still. There. Now, hold my gaze. Hold my gaze.
(The girl gasps in pain.)
KEEP: No. No, do not struggle. Do not struggle. You wanted to see my magic. This is magic. This is real magic.

DOCTOR: Charley! Charley! Come and see some real magic.
CHARLEY: Magic?
C'RIZZ: Humour him.
DOCTOR: Dear lady, h'allow me to h'introduce you to a polychromatic person of variegated vividness, a man of multiple and motley hue, the Eutermesan with the ever-changing epidermis. I give you C'Rizz the Colourful Chameleon!
C'RIZZ: I thank you!
DOCTOR: Now, young lady, think of a colour. Any colour of the rainbow, any segment of the spectrum.
CHARLEY: Pink.
C'RIZZ: Pink?
DOCTOR: Pink, says the lady, and pink she shall have. (claps hands) How's that?
CHARLEY: Like a dried up salmon mousse.
DOCTOR: More pink, my opalescent associate.
C'RIZZ: More pink.
(Straining noises.)
CHARLEY: If the wind changes, you'll keep that face.
DOCTOR: Ta dah!
CHARLEY: That's not pink, that's puce.
DOCTOR: Ah, you made him blush, that's all. Green!
(More straining noises.)
DOCTOR: He's so mauve. Vermilion!
CHARLEY: Blue and yellow polka dots.
C'RIZZ: No, sorry.
CHARLEY: Oh. Well, what kind of a spectacle is that? I was lead to expect an exhibition of effortless exchange. To be transfixed by a tremendous tumult of transformation.
DOCTOR: Shh.
C'RIZZ: That doesn't sound healthy.

DOCTOR: It does. It sounds fantastic.
C'RIZZ: Do you want to ask?
CHARLEY: No, you. I did it last time.
C'RIZZ: You sure?
CHARLEY: When the Tressilion flagship disappeared into that spatial fracture. You know, the day before yesterday.
C'RIZZ: Oh, all right then. Doctor, what's happening?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
C'RIZZ: I said, what's happening?
CHARLEY: No, not like that. (clears throat, then pleading) Doctor, what's happening, Doctor?
C'RIZZ: That's good.
CHARLEY: Practice, you see.
DOCTOR: What's happening?
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: Yes.
DOCTOR: Ah, um, well, you see, well, um, isn't it obvious?
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: No.
DOCTOR: Blast. I was hoping one of you could tell me. Only joking. It's just, for a moment I could have sworn that the Tardis went into reverse.
C'RIZZ: And that's unusual.
CHARLEY: You mean, in Time? Backwards in Time?
DOCTOR: Or something very like it.
C'RIZZ: But that's impossible.
DOCTOR: In a closed universe with no vortex to navigate, it's not just impossible, it's inconcievable. But I can taste it. It's there, in my gut, in my toes, down the nape of my neck. Only there's nothing there. Nothing.
CHARLEY: That reminds me of Uncle Jacques. He lived in Cannes after the war and I used to visit him every summer. He taught me to speak French, and even eat frog's legs, which were pretty filthy, actually.
C'RIZZ: Is there a point to this story?
DOCTOR: Unlikely. It is one of Charley's stories. Mind you, the south of France is lovely. Long walks down the Croisette, a quick jaunt down to Monaco.
CHARLEY: Anyway, Uncle Jacques was a concert pianist, till he lost an arm at Passchendaele. He said that whenever he passed the Bechstein in the parlour, he felt the fingers on the hand he'd lost.
DOCTOR: Is that what you think my instinct was? A phantom reflex, a spasm in a missing limb?
C'RIZZ: (alarmed) Doctor, what's that?
CHARLEY: Oh, much better!
C'RIZZ: Up there, on the projector.
DOCTOR: What, the blue moon hurtling straight towards us?
C'RIZZ: I think you'll find it's us hurtling straight towards it.
DOCTOR: Depends on your perspective.
CHARLEY: Can we not skip the debate? The point is, we're going to get squished by it whatever.
DOCTOR: Nil desperandum, fair Charlotte. We may be drawn into its gravitational field, but all we have to do is programme a hasty materialisation. That's odd. I'll try again. Oh.
CHARLEY: Now is not the time to tell us something's wrong with the Tardis.
DOCTOR: There's nothing wrong, I think. She's refusing to let us land, that's all. What is it, old girl? Is there something down there you don't like?
C'RIZZ: That's the stratosphere breached.
DOCTOR: I thought it was getting warmer. Of course, basic astrophysics tells us that as a moon, it shouldn't really have a stratosphere.
C'RIZZ: Perhaps someone should tell it that.
DOCTOR: You're really going to have to materialise down there, old girl. Whatever it is can't be worse than crashing. Right.
CHARLEY: Oh, for heaven's sake. Listen here, you dizzy cow of a Tardis. I know there's no love lost between us, but now is really not the time to have one of your funny turns, or hissy fits, or whatever. It's not big, it's not clever, and no

one's in the least bit impressed, so will you kindly stop mucking about and please, please, land.
DOCTOR: Oh, I need something to prise this switch up.
CHARLEY: Why?
DOCTOR: Because I pushed it down rather too hard and it's stuck.
C'RIZZ: My moonstone.
DOCTOR: Your what stone?
C'RIZZ: Hang on. There, use that.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
CHARLEY: That's pretty.
C'RIZZ: My father gave it too me.
CHARLEY: Why moonstone?
C'RIZZ: Long story. By the look of it, we may not have much time.
CHARLEY: Why not?
C'RIZZ: Because of that!
CHARLEY: Oh, that doesn't look good.
DOCTOR: It's not. That's us, burning up.
CHARLEY: Well, I dare say it's better than crashing.
DOCTOR: Depends on your perspective.

(Heavy door opens.)
C'RIZZ: Who's there?
L'DA: It's me, my love, just seeing how you are. Today's the day.
C'RIZZ: Today? Where am I?
L'DA: The chamber, of course. How much did you drink last night, then?
C'RIZZ: L'Da?
L'DA: Yes?
C'RIZZ: This isn't possible.
L'DA: What's not possible, my love?
C'RIZZ: To be here. Back here again, with you.
L'DA: What are you talking about? Have you been dreaming?
C'RIZZ: Where's the Doctor? Where's Charlotte?
L'DA: I'm sorry, you'll have to say that again.
C'RIZZ: I want to see the Doctor.
L'DA: Oh. Oh, I see. Well, he can't come. Not now. I'm sorry.
C'RIZZ: Well, how about Charlotte?
L'DA: What's a Charlotte? Oh, wait. Is it a person? Is it the man you met last night?
C'RIZZ: Charlotte isn't a man.
L'DA: Oh?
C'RIZZ: She's a woman. A girl.
L'DA: Oh.
C'RIZZ: A friend.
L'DA: I thought I was your friend.
C'RIZZ: You're dead.
L'DA: Don't be silly. We're getting married. Oh, come on, give us a smile.
C'RIZZ: What am I doing here?
L'DA: Recuperating, I imagine. I hear that last night was a raucous occasion. I'm not sure I approve.
C'RIZZ: Approve? Approve of what?
L'DA: Of my husband to be in about two hours cavorting and drinking like it was his last night alive. The Foundation tutors would be appalled. And if Guidance ever found out, well.
C'RIZZ: The Foundation?
L'DA: You're still one of them, you know, and will remain so even after the marriage, more's the pity. Oh, C'Rizz, you've done your penance. Can't you leave the church behind? You've got a new life now. A life with me.
C'RIZZ: My penance?
L'DA: You are being very strange, my love. I think I ought to go out, turn round three times, and then come back in and start again.

C'RIZZ: It's dark in here.
L'DA: Of course it's dark. It's always dark in the Soul Chamber.
C'RIZZ: This is where I was before, before the Kromon.
L'DA: The what? Are they anything to do with this Charlotte girl? Should I be jealous? More jealous, I mean. Obviously I'm already jealous. You had a raucous occasion and I wasn't invited, meany.
C'RIZZ: L'Da, listen to me. I don't know what's going on here, but this can't be real.
L'DA: Why not?
C'RIZZ: Because you are dead. Twenty minutes into our marriage ceremony, insectoid spaceships arrived, directed here by an alien race called the Divergents. They opened fire. Those of us that survived were carted off to their biospheres. Eutermesans, Darlots, Oroogs, even the cattle.
L'DA: I see. And what else have you been dreaming? Where does this Charlotte woman, sorry, girl, fit in?
C'RIZZ: Well, she doesn't. Not yet. She and the Doctor save me, take me away.
L'DA: And do they save me? Are we bound together by love, freedom fighters against the invading Kromon, was it?
C'RIZZ: No. No, you died. I, I killed you.
L'DA: Nice. If you're going to have pre-wedding jitters, you might at least have a fantasy where you get shot of me without actually killing me. I could get quite put off, you know.
C'RIZZ: Unless. Unless it was a dream, a premonition. In which case this is a second chance.
L'DA: For what?
C'RIZZ: Look, my love, we must go, get away from here. Wait. I thought you said you'd seen the Doctor.
L'DA: Well, yes. Doctor R'Tullen will be one of the ushers, unless he's decided the wedding's off. A not entirely unreasonable assumption, since he's not been able to find you all morning.
C'RIZZ: Not R'Tullen, *the* Doctor. Tall, bipedal, pale skin, shaggy hair?
L'DA: Hair? Why would a man have hair? Oh, how revolting.
C'RIZZ: Something's wrong.
L'DA: I'll say it is. You're still drunk.
C'RIZZ: No, I mean I. L'Da, let me tell you something.
L'DA: Go on.
C'RIZZ: I'm not the person you think I am.

CHARLEY: Doctor? C'Rizz? Hello? (echoes) No, nothing. Just a big dark (pause) room? Yes, it feels like an inside. Hello? Definitely inside. Bit of an echo, so not much in the way of furniture.
LOUISA: A big, empty room, perhaps.
CHARLEY: Yes, I think so. Mother?
LOUISA: Hello, Lottie.
CHARLEY: I suppose I should be surprised to see you.
LOUISA: But you're not?
CHARLEY: No. Been around with the Doctor too long now. Not much left to surprise me.
LOUISA: Oh well, that makes things easier, then.
CHARLEY: This is either a dream, or you're some sort of holographic projection created by the Tardis.
LOUISA: Goodness, what strange words. Tardis and holographic? Isn't that some sort of pencil?
CHARLEY: Why are you here, Mother? I mean, it's not that I'm not pleased to see you. Far from it, in fact. But since I'm living in a pocket universe set apart from everything and everyone I've ever known, you can't actually be here, can you.
LOUISA: So what am I, then? A waking dream, an illusion? Why? For what purpose?
CHARLEY: I know. You're a spirit guide. Oh, that must be it. I've died and you're

taking me to heaven.
LOUISA: (laughs) Father Michael would be so pleased to hear you finally acknowledge the existence of an afterlife.
CHARLEY: According to the Doctor, I died not that long ago. Didn't see heaven, no choirs of angels, no big pearly gates, no man with a long white beard offering me wings. God and afterlives don't feature very highly on my list of probables any more, Mother. Sorry.
LOUISA: Oh well, he'd be rather less thrilled to hear you say that.
CHARLEY: It's an interesting thought, though, isn't it? I mean, I've seen above the clouds. I've witnessed the birth and death of a universe. I've seen a million different worlds, met a billion different people
LOUISA: I've told you a thousand times, Lottie. You simply mustn't exaggerate.
CHARLEY: Life and death on such a scale that it no longer holds any meaning.
LOUISA: Not sure I understand.
CHARLEY: I met a most unpleasant man once. A spy from South Africa. He tried to kill me. I mean, really kill me. But he died. I saw him die. Watched him falling away from an airship. Falling away until he became a speck too small to think of as a living, breathing person. He had a mother too.
LOUISA: And?
CHARLEY: He died. Years of his life building towards the ultimate pointlessness of a violent death. He must have grown up with family, friends, schoolmates, worked hard, passed exams, learnt to walk, to talk, to become a boy, a youth, and then a man. All that effort, all that time and love that had gone into making him the man he was on the day I met him. And when he died, I was relieved. As I said, he was trying to kill me.
LOUISA: Strikes me, Lottie, that you've had a beastly time of it.
CHARLEY: After a while, I found I could cope with death. The Doctor and I, we'd meet people and it became almost expected that some of them would drop away, die violent or pointless deaths. Really didn't take that long before it ceased to touch me.
LOUISA: But it affected you at first.
CHARLEY: Oh, yes. Sleep. I couldn't go to sleep without seeing their faces. But after a while, I forgot them all. Oh, I can recall the odd names, people I liked, people I didn't, people who meant nothing to me one way or another. How awful that I've become so desensitised to death, that I simply don't care.
LOUISA: What made you think about this?
CHARLEY: You, being here. You see, you're dead. Of that I'm sure. I'm not entirely sure where I am in relative time to Earth, but I know the chances of it being the 1930s right now are infinitesimally small.
LOUISA: So either I've long since faded from memory or I've not yet been born.
CHARLEY: Either way, you aren't you.
LOUISA: Well, you're probably right.
CHARLEY: That said, it's awfully nice to see you. I still see his face, you know.
LOUISA: Who?
CHARLEY: That first one. The South African. Huh, I can't even remember his name. But I can always picture his face, screaming as he dropped away, knowing he was incapable of stopping himself but still hoping against hope that somehow he'd be saved.
LOUISA: Well, we all believe that we should be immortal. No one can ever quite accept they'll die, even though they know they will.
CHARLEY: Well, not me. Not any more. No next life. One life, make it worthwhile.
LOUISA: And do you feel you've lived yours to the full? Got out of it everything you wanted?
CHARLEY: Oh gosh, yes. I wouldn't change a thing. I've so enjoyed myself, and I do believe we've done some good, the Doctor and I.
LOUISA: You've done some good on your own, you know, just by being you.
CHARLEY: I should hope so, but I'm not sure what.
LOUISA: Well then, come with me. Let me show you something.

L'DA: You're scaring me, my love.
C'RIZZ: You believe I'm your husband to be. You believe that very soon I'm going to put aside my devotion to the Foundation and join you in a new life.
L'DA: It had occured to me, yes.
C'RIZZ: That me died a long time ago.
L'DA: I don't understand.
C'RIZZ: This can't be real. It's not a dream, I've not been taken back in Time
L'DA: Time?
C'RIZZ: How easily the word comes now. I don't quite yet grasp the concept, but I get the broad idea. Oh, but it doesn't matter. I'm older, more experienced than the man you fell in love with. I've seen so much.
L'DA: In your dreams, yes?
C'RIZZ: No, in reality. This is the dream.
L'DA: I'm going to fetch Guidance. I think you need to talk to him.
C'RIZZ: He can't help me. Not Guidance, not the Church, not even you. L'Da, I no longer belong here. I can't keep hoping for my old life back.
L'DA: Why not? What's wrong with it?
C'RIZZ: Nothing. Nothing at all, but it's not mine any longer.

(Strong breeze.)
CHARLEY: Why is it that all my dreams bring me back here?
LOUISA: Where are we?
CHARLEY: Don't you know?
LOUISA: Well, of course not. This is *your* subconscious we're exploring, not mine.
CHARLEY: RAF Cardington, where it all began. And there, the pride of the air fleet
LOUISA: The R101. Flames.
CHARLEY: Sorry?
LOUISA: Oh, I'm not sure why I said that. I had a sudden fear of fire.
CHARLEY: Well, that doesn't surprise me. You see, here was where I. Oh, look!
LOUISA: What a very smart uniform. Who is he?
CHARLEY: A boy I knew. A steward called Simon Murchford.
LOUISA: His significance?
CHARLEY: Significance?
LOUISA: Yes. Why him?
CHARLEY: He's the reason I'm here. I took his place on the R101.
LOUISA: So, had you not run away from school, he would have been aboard this airship of yours when it crashed. He would have died in the blaze.
CHARLEY: Well, yes. Yes, I suppose so.
SIMON: Excuse me. This is a restricted zone.
CHARLEY: Sorry, Simon.
SIMON: Er, have we met? You!
CHARLEY: Who? Er, me. Yes, we were just leaving. Bye!
SIMON: Hold on.
LOUISA: Charlotte, don't be so rude. Good afternoon to you, young man. I've not had the pleasure.
SIMON: No, and neither have I, missus.
LOUISA: I beg your pardon?
SIMON: Well, ask your girl. Last night in the Hare and Hounds, she got me steaming drunk. Spiked my drinks, she did. This morning I woke up, no bag, no uniform, nothing. The new kit came from stores, only now they'll dock my pay.
CHARLEY: Oh, Simon, I'm sorry. I just wanted to take your place, go on the adventure, see Karachi and all the points in between.
SIMON: It didn't work out though, did it. Where's my stuff, missy?
CHARLEY: On board. Oh, it's too much to explain.
SIMON: Oh, the hell with you. It's bad enough already. Damned if I'll let you miss my embarkation and get me on a charge.
CHARLEY: Oh, Simon. Simon, please don't go. Please, just listen. Last night, when we talked, you said you wanted to travel.

SIMON: That's right. See the world, broaden the mind and that. You said the same.
CHARLEY: Yes, but you're a boy, man, I mean, whatever. That gives you opportunities I never had.
SIMON: A posh girl like you? Pull the other one, missy, it's got bells on.
CHARLEY: If you go on the R101, Simon, you'll never see those things. Please, don't board.
SIMON: Sorry, sweet thing. You're nice and all, but I needs the money. Folks like me, we don't get your chances.
CHARLEY: What chances?
SIMON: Says the spoiled little rich girl.
LOUISA: Now listen here, young man.
SIMON: Oh, sorry, missus. No disrespect to you, but I've seen her kind before. Nice girls flirting with rough boys for a giggle, for the danger. Well, sorry, sweetheart, but you can get yourself back to your nice big house with your servants and your gardeners. Where I come from, there's six of us live in two rooms, you know. If I want to get out of that, I'll need money or class. Well, I'll never have class, but if I can get meself some cash, who knows. Goodbye, missy. Save yourself for some chinless wonder who'll give you everything you want. You and me, we won't meet again.
CHARLEY: No. No, we won't. Goodbye, and good luck.
SIMON: Don't need luck, missy. Top workmanship in that beauty. We'll be in Ismaïlia before we know it. Good day to you, missus.
(Footsteps.)
LOUISA: Well, he's almost charming, I suppose.
CHARLEY: He's right, though. I took away his livelihood. His father hadn't worked since '26, he said.
LOUISA: My dear, you saved his life. If he'd been aboard that airship instead of you, I doubt the Doctor would have whisked him out of danger on the back of a flying reptile. No, shifty eyes. What sort of a companion would he have made?
CHARLEY: But did I save him? He's boarding anyway, even though another me's on the airship too.
LOUISA: Something will happen to change that. Well, it must have done. You went, he didn't.
CHARLEY: I'd like to leave now, Mother. I don't see the point of, point of.
LOUISA: Lottie, are you feeling all right?
CHARLEY: Reliving.
LOUISA: Charlotte!
(Thud.)

(Church bells pealing.)
L'DA: C'Rizz, it's the church bells. We're going to be late.
C'RIZZ: For what?
L'DA: Our wedding, stupid. Oh please, come on.
C'RIZZ: What's the point? Look, any moment now, the Kromon will attack, and most of our friends and family will be dead. The wedding can't happen.
L'DA: Listen, you. I've been waiting three years for today. I'm not going to be put off because you've had a nightmare.
C'RIZZ: It's not a dream, L'Da. This is. All this, and being back here with you. The Divergents whisked us and the Kromon off to another planet because they want to experiment on the Doctor. None of this matters!
L'DA: Oh, well, if our wedding doesn't happen because of this Doctor friend of yours, I shall have words with him, let me tell you.
C'RIZZ: But he's not responsible.
L'DA: You just said he is. Our wedding is cancelled when the Kromon attack because of him. My death occurs because of him.
C'RIZZ: That's not fair. It's not his fault. Well, not exactly.
L'DA: Yes, exactly. If he hadn't turned up, none of this would have happened. If he'd stayed out of this universe, stayed away, we'd be happily married. No Kromon, no metamorphosis, nothing.

C'RIZZ: How do you know all of this?
L'DA: It's all his fault! Find a way to stop it happening. Please!
C'RIZZ: L'Da, I love you. I love you so much.
L'DA: Good. Good. I love you too. But I'm scared now. Scared because you're so sure we can never be together. Never.
C'RIZZ: I wonder. I wonder if
(Screams outside.)
C'RIZZ: You're too late! You're too late! The Kromon are coming! The Kromon are here!
(Energy weapons fire.)
C'RIZZ: No, not again. Please, not again.

LOUISA [OC]: It must have done. He went, you didn't.
CHARLEY [OC]: I'd like to leave now, Mother.
(Charley gasps for breath.)
CHARLEY [OC]: I don't see the point of
LOUISA [OC]: Lottie, are you feeling all right?
CHARLEY [OC]: Reliving.
(Regular beep of a heart monitor.)
KRO'KA: No. Oh, no, no, no, little Charley. Can't have you dying. Not when there's so much suffering yet to be had. Let's just see if I can't. There, that's better. Let's see now. (keyboard) Charlotte. Charlotte, my dear, are you

LOUISA: Charlotte, my dear, are you feeling better now? You look like you need a glass of water.
CHARLEY: Oh, Mother? Oh, Mother, I felt like I was. Well, I thought I was going someplace else. Why am I still dreaming of Cardington?
LOUISA: You're the one who keeps bringing us back here. Something you want us to see, perhaps?
CHARLEY: Someone's coming.
LOUISA: He's going jolly fast.
CHARLEY: Should we hide, do you think?
LOUISA: Why ever should we want to do that?
(Bicycle stops.)
SIMON: Good evening, ladies.
LOUISA: Oh, good evening, Reverend.
SIMON: Oh. Can I ask, should I know you?
CHARLEY: But
LOUISA: I don't think so.
SIMON: Ah, good. Oh, sorry, that sounded off. New Chaplain, you see. The last fellow, Townsend, very popular, I'm told, well, he toddled off somewhere before I arrive. Never got the chance to meet and greet, make my introductions.
CHARLEY: (sotto) It's him.
LOUISA: (sotto) Who?
CHARLEY: (sotto) Look at him.
SIMON: Murchford. Reverend Murchford.
CHARLEY: We're Catholics, not C of E.
LOUISA: Just like your father. Forgive my daughter, Vicar. Pollard, Lady Louisa Pollard.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Oh. Well, in that case. (normal) May I ask the Vicar a question?
SIMON: Well, of course.
CHARLEY: Isn't your first name Simon?
SIMON: It is. Hold on a minute. Are you sure we've not met?
CHARLEY: (sotto) Oh God.
SIMON: I knew a girl called Pollard once. Pretty young thing. Looked a bit like you.
CHARLEY: Oh, only a bit? Coincidence, surely.
SIMON: Well then, how do you know who I am?
CHARLEY: Er, this is going to be difficult.

SIMON: Your mother, perhaps. Or your sister?
CHARLEY: No, not my sister. My mother, yes. That's who it was. Charlotte, my mother. And this is my grandmother.
LOUISA: Grandmother. Thank you so much.
SIMON: 1930 it was. Just down the road from here, yes?
CHARLEY: Possibly.
SIMON: Well, I take it that since you're here, she didn't go.
CHARLEY: Go?
SIMON: On the airship. The 101. Funny, that's what made me want to come back to this neck of the woods. Survivor's guilt, they call it.
CHARLEY: But you must be glad that you didn't go.
SIMON: What?
CHARLEY: Well, you'd have died.
SIMON: Oh, yes. Well, wouldn't have had to go through the war, though. Lost a lot of good friends.
CHARLEY: How much do you remember about me, my mother?
SIMON: Ask her yourself. That night in the Hare and Hounds, she got me steaming drunk. Spiked my drinks, she did. Next morning, I woke up, no bag, no uniform, no nothing. Couldn't get a kit from stores. Chose to go on a charge rather than have my pay docked.
CHARLEY: Oh, Simon, I'm sorry. I, she just wanted to take your place, go on the adventure. See Ismaïlia and Karachi, and everything in between. Please understand that, as a man, boy, whatever, you had those chances. To see the world, to travel. My mother never would have had otherwise.
SIMON: I'm sure your mother was lovely to you. You're very nice. But I'm glad I didn't meet her again. All that she cost me and then to opt out of going anyway. Typical. Still, that was a long time ago. Things move on. Well, look at me now. And I think it was missing the flight that helped me find my path.
LOUISA: To God?
SIMON: That's right. So many died in France, I found myself thinking I'd been saved for a purpose. I suppose there's a reason for everything in life. Anyway, must dash. Summer Fête doesn't run itself, you know. Goodbye.
CHARLEY: Goodbye.
LOUISA: So all things considered, you must now be rather pleased that you went with the Doctor.
CHARLEY: I never regretted it. Not once.
LOUISA: Hmm. Well, we'll see.
CHARLEY: What was that?
LOUISA: Er, nothing, my dear. Just thinking how proud I am of you.
CHARLEY: Nonsense. Utter rot. You're not my mother. You've nothing to be proud of.
LOUISA: Now Charlotte, please.
CHARLEY: Oh, nice try. Oh, very good. You almost had me for a moment. But this has been tried before. Someone's playing with my mind. I know that you, Murchford, Cardington, none of it's real. This is someone giving me back what they think I want more than anything else, knowing that I can't have it. To go home again. Oh, and I know who.
LOUISA: Who what?
CHARLEY: Oh, come on, you miserable little thing. Where are you? In my head or actually here?
LOUISA: Why are you yelling your head off at the sky?
CHARLEY: Oh, you'll see.
LOUISA: Well, nothing's happening. Look, I'm going to get that nice Vicar back. I think he needs to talk to you.
CHARLEY: I'm perfectly all right. I just need to find him!
LOUISA: Reverend Murchford?
CHARLEY: The Kro'Ka!
LOUISA: Oh, Lordy. And who is he, then?
CHARLEY: A schemer, a manipulator. The servant of the creatures who run this

ridiculous universe, the Divergents. Above all, he's a complete fraud, a malicious piece of excrement in dire need of damn good hiding!

KRO'KA: Oh, fantastic. The girl's figured it out, my lord. Well, almost.
RASSILON: The Eutermesan?
KRO'KA: Not a clue. But then I always told the Divergents they were wasting their time with that lot. Hardly a brain cell between the lot of them.
RASSILON: And yet this one elected to travel with the Doctor, broaden his mind.
KRO'KA: None of them seem to have worked out the truth yet. About me, I mean. And you. Our arrangement.
RASSILON: Good. And what about the Doctor?
KRO'KA: Ah, yes. Wait till you see where I've put him. I should have liked to have stayed to watch, but I needed to install the Dreamweavers we stole from Caerdroia in here, as you requested. I only have two pairs of hands, my lord.
RASSILON: You can have as many pairs of hands as you choose, Kro'Ka. Don't play games with me. You know what happened last time.
KRO'KA: Yes, my lord. Took three weeks for the swelling to go down.
RASSILON: Enough. We must push ahead, Kro'Ka. No more tests, no more questions. Time to talk face to face, the girl first.

LOUISA: There's a wind getting up. We should find some shelter.
CHARLEY: Something's happening. I can feel it.
LOUISA: What do you mean?
CHARLEY: Can't you sense it? Oh, no, no, of course not. You're not real. You're just doing whatever the Kro'Ka wants you to, tells you to.
LOUISA: Now don't be silly, Lottie. You should apologise, you know.
(Whoosh!)
RASSILON: No, dear lady. It is I who should apologise.
CHARLEY: You? What are you doing here?
RASSILON: Why, Miss Pollard, I'm the reason the Doctor entered this little chunk of space and T. Well, space. Didn't you know? He's been searching for me, and I in turn have been searching for you.
CHARLEY: Why me?
RASSILON: I have a proposition to put to you. One that could truly reunite you with this delightful lady beside you now.
LOUISA: And who exactly are you?
RASSILON: Lady Pollard, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Rassilon. And despite appearances to the contrary, your daughter's mind is entirely under my domination.

[Part Two]

LOUISA: You said you had a proposition, to reunite my daughter and I?
CHARLEY: Oh, do be quiet, Mother. It can't happen.
RASSILON: Miss Pollard, do not be so hasty. This image of your mother has been created by your subconscious.
CHARLEY: Not the Kro'Ka?
LOUISA: Who?
CHARLEY: A little blobby weasel who does the Divergents' dirty work.
LOUISA: Such as?
CHARLEY: Messing around in our heads, most of the time.
RASSILON: How disagreeable. Allow me to explain. At this precise moment, your body is linked to a device called a Dreamweaver. It is keeping your brain active whilst your body repairs itself.
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?
LOUISA: It is true. I'm not really here.
CHARLEY: Yes, well, I had gathered that much.
LOUISA: Your subconscious created me as a figure of trust and hope. Someone

for you to hang on to whilst your body tried to stay alive.
CHARLEY: Why her, Lord Rassilon?
LOUISA: Well, I should have thought that was obvious.
CHARLEY: Not to me. Oh, I mean, lovely to see you, Mother, and all that, but I'd have thought my true mentor would be the Doctor. So where is he?
RASSILON: Perhaps you do not rely on him as much as you think.
CHARLEY: And where's C'Rizz?
RASSILON: Like yourself, he is recuperating.
CHARLEY: And the Doctor?
RASSILON: Alas, I do not know. The destruction of the Tardis was unexpected and
CHARLEY: The what?
RASSILON: I am truly sorry, Miss Pollard, but irony of ironies, after your long search for the Doctor's craft, it has gone for good.
CHARLEY: How?
RASSILON: The Doctor was never good at pressing the right buttons at the right time. I fear he pressed button A instead of button B, or some such nonsense, and well, kaBOOM!
CHARLEY: So how did I end up here?
RASSILON: My own devices picked up the Tardis's unique emissions, and I tried to make contact. You'll appreciate that another Gallifreyan, even one as duplicitous as the Doctor, would be welcome after the millennia I've been prisoner here. Sadly, all I managed to do was rescue yourself and the Eutermesan.
CHARLEY: And?
RASSILON: And I fear the Doctor was vapourised along with his craft.
CHARLEY: I don't believe you.
LOUISA: I'm sure Lord Rassilon speaks the truth, my dear.
CHARLEY: I doubt it. He never has before. I want to speak to C'Rizz. Now!
RASSILON: By all means. I shall attempt to link your respective dreamscapes, then you shall discover that Rassilon does not lie. Ever.

MOTHER: Jembere-Bud! Where is my daughter? Please, has no one seen Jembere-Bud? Has no one seen my daughter?
(continues behind dialogue.)
KEEP: Oh, Guidance, what is that terrible racket?
GUIDANCE: Master Keep, the morning rises well upon you.
KEEP: Eh? Oh, yes, and on you, Guidance. So?
GUIDANCE: It is one of the native women. She says her child is missing.
KEEP: A child.
GUIDANCE: Jembere-Bud. A girl of thirteen summers.
KEEP: Hmm. Not a child, then. Jembere-Bud. Oh, the one who liked my games at last night's circle reading, yes?
GUIDANCE: I believe you are right, Master Keep.
KEEP: Ah well, wasn't she a lively thing. Oh, she'll be up to some game in the forest, I'm sure.
MOTHER: Master Keep of the Mission.
KEEP: No, no, no, Guidance. This is not our affair.
GUIDANCE: Master Keep is not for consultation, woman. Not before sun's height.
MOTHER: My daughter's not been seen since dusk last, Keep.
KEEP: Oh. Then we shall search for her, O mother of Jembere-Bud. Guidance, instruct six porters, will you?
MOTHER: She would not have missed her even chores, not before you arrived.
KEEP: Only be sure to have them back before too long. We shall strike camp soon. Our mission must continue.
GUIDANCE: Of course, Master Keep. Come with me, woman.
MOTHER: You have put thoughts of flight in Jembere-Bud's head with your tricks and your reading. Your Foundation is rotten!
KEEP: The Foundation saves. The Foundation will preserve your daughter. Oh,

dear, dear, dear. But I shall forgive you, O mother of Jembere-Bud. The work goes on. Porter? Porter!
PORTER: (breathless) Yes sir, Keep.
KEEP: Have you seen my wife?

L'DA: C'Rizz, you don't seem happy to see me. Surely, if you thought I was dead, finding me alive must be so much better.
C'RIZZ: Oh, it is. I'm just confused
L'DA: Then let us sit here.
(Birdsong.)
C'RIZZ: Impressive.
L'DA: What is?
C'RIZZ: You created all this in an instant.
L'DA: All right, I'm not real.
C'RIZZ: You don't say.
L'DA: I'm your, well, I suppose, I'm your subconscious, given free rein by you to create what you wanted to see, to make you feel relaxed.
C'RIZZ: It's an old Church remedy. I take it my body is injured? My mind is creating a dream so that I can be kept alert, awake almost, so I don't fall into a coma, yes?
L'DA: Something like that. But it's not the Foundation's doing.
C'RIZZ: Oh? Whose?
L'DA: Someone wonderful, kind, gentle. Someone who wants what is best for you.
C'RIZZ: Kro'Ka!
(Whoosh.)
KRO'KA: Hello, Eutermesan. How did you guess?
C'RIZZ: If L'Da was my subconscious, and I'm recovering from an injury, how would she know it was someone else's influence?
KRO'KA: Ah. Oh, naughty L'Da.
L'DA: It's not my fault. I'm just a series of random electrical impulses given shape by his memory and your manipulation.
KRO'KA: Oh, give the game away, why don't you?
C'RIZZ: You did that yourself.
KRO'KA: Oh? How?
C'RIZZ: All that someone wonderful and kind and gentle nonsense. No one but you would say that about themselves. The Divergents send you, did they?
KRO'KA: Ah, who knows.
C'RIZZ: Thought we'd seen the last of you on Caerdroia.
KRO'KA: The feeling is mutual, but sadly it was not to be. Here am I, hovering around in your dreams. Oh, I didn't know you cared.
C'RIZZ: Cared?
KRO'KA: About me. Enough to put me in your dreams.
C'RIZZ: I didn't. You put yourself in my dreams. I'd only expect to find you in my nightmares.
KRO'KA: Touchy, touchy. My, aren't you all big and tough when the Doctor's not around.
C'RIZZ: The Doctor. Where is he? What have you done with him?
KRO'KA: You know. I haven't a clue.

(Surf on a shore, coughing.)
DOCTOR: Wet, I'm all wet. Oh, what's this, washed up, Doctor? Beached in the surf, like that king. Or was that some other Canute? Back, waves. I command you, go back. Well, this won't do. Hello? Hello? This is Robinson Crusoe paging Man Friday. Shipwrecked sailor seeks similar to share paradise island. Non-smoker, good sense of humour essential. Ah, no Friday, Doctor. No Saturday, Sunday, Monday either. Not even a wet Wednesday. Hello! (echoes) Oh hello, a crab. A hermit crab. And these must be your friends. Ow! Ow! That hurt! So did that. Caught between two lines of crustaceans. Is that what they call a pincer movement? Ow, ow. Ow, ow, ow. All right! All right! All right. This way, yes?

Yes? What, towards that rock? I'm going, I'm going. No need to nip. Those are funny looking rocks. Smooth, like a dome or a, what's the word? Carapace! The carapace of a ten foot crustacean. What a beauty! Oh. You want to eat me, is that it? Look, no, you don't want to do that. No, no, no, no, right now I'm far to salty. You're on a sea food diet, are you? See food, you eat it. Ow! Ow, ow. What about these little nippers? You can't have me all to yourself, you know, or perhaps your just being shellfish. Stupid Doctor. Bad pun for an epitaph. At least try to think of something better. Try. No, my mind's gone blank. How about help? Help! Help! Help!

L'DA: C'Rizz, my love, what's going on?
KRO'KA: Good question, Miss Eutermesan. That depends on him.
C'RIZZ: Oh, go away, Kro'Ka. Leave me alone.
L'DA: C'Rizz, don't be so rude to your saviour.
C'RIZZ: And do stop putting stupid words in her mouth. Saviour, ha!
L'DA: C'Rizz, please.
C'RIZZ: C'Rizz, please. Oh, C'Rizz, please.
L'DA: I thought you loved me.
C'RIZZ: That's enough, Kro'Ka. You abuse my memories of L'Da any more, and I'll tear off your head and spit down your neck!
KRO'KA: And I thought you Church of the Foundation types were all so meek and mild. I warned the Doctor, you know. Told him you were dangerous, that you couldn't be trusted.
C'RIZZ: Why did you do that?
KRO'KA: Oh, you know, that little moment when you gunned L'Da here down in cold blood. Oh, sorry. Did I say something wrong?

DOCTOR: Urgh. Crustacean halitosis.
(Gunshot, ricochet.)
DOCTOR: That very nearly took my ear off.
PERFECTION: (American woman) That very nearly took your head of. Duck.
(Gunshot, animal whimpering.)
DOCTOR: Thank you, whoever you are. One more between the eyes? Not mine, if you can help it.
PERFECTION: Smartass.
(Gunshot.)
DOCTOR: That hit the spot. Whoa!
PERFECTION: Ew, they're eating their mother.
DOCTOR: Yes, the law of the jungle, I'm afraid.
PERFECTION: Er, the jungle's that way.
DOCTOR: So it is. Hello, I'm the Doctor.
PERFECTION: I'm Perfection.
DOCTOR: I don't doubt it.
PERFECTION: Shipwreck survivor, I'd say?
DOCTOR: Exactly.
PERFECTION: So, where's the driftwood, wise guy?
(She cocks her rifle.)
PERFECTION: How about telling me the truth before I get my aim back.

KRO'KA: Go on, C'Rizz. Tell her how you picked up a rifle and blew what's her name? L'Da. Blew L'Da away.
C'RIZZ: That's not how it was.
L'DA: My love, is it true?
C'RIZZ: Of course it's not true. Well, not entirely.
L'DA: You killed me? Shot me?
C'RIZZ: Yes. No. I, yes, all right, yes.
L'DA: But I, I loved you.
KRO'KA: Oh dear. Sorry, old chap. I thought you'd have told her that straight off. You know, hello, L'Da, lovely to see you again. Nice day, isn't it? By the way,

when we last met I picked up a laser gun and blasted you into little pieces while you took a bath. That sort of conversation.
C'RIZZ: Kro'Ka, you've gone too far.
KRO'KA: Ooo, am I supposed to be scared, Mister O Look I Can Change Colour and ooo, let me think. Nope, not much else of any use, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: If you've read my mind, created her and everything else, did you stop to wonder why I left the Church of the Foundation?
KRO'KA: You got bored with prancing around a pulpit and knew that getting married was your only real way out.
C'RIZZ: So, so wrong. There are a few things about the Church, about me, that you just don't know.
KRO'KA: Such as?
C'RIZZ: L'Da wasn't the first person I killed.
KRO'KA: A handful of Kromon. Oh, how brave.
L'DA: No, C'Rizz. Don't. Don't give in.
C'RIZZ: My subconscious, is she? Or my conscience? I wonder which?
KRO'KA: I think I ought to be going now.
C'RIZZ: This is my dreamscape, yes? Filled with avatars for my memories? For all my past deeds, accessed and messed with by you, yes?
KRO'KA: You might put it like that.
L'DA: C'Rizz
C'RIZZ: Look around you, Kro'Ka. Look, and what do you see?
(Lots of voices.)
L'DA: Oh, C'Rizz, I think I have to go now.
C'RIZZ: Of course you do, L'Da. Join them. You belong with them.
KRO'KA: What is this? Ow, get off, Eutermesan.
C'RIZZ: What, can't you get away, Kro'Ka? My mind too strong now? You're trapped here, trapped with me now. Trapped with me and them.
KRO'KA: Who, who are they all?
C'RIZZ: My victims, Kro'Ka. The Church believes all things must die. They told me that death was a transfiguration, a route into the next life. To kill was a privilege granted the most adept. Oh, and I was adept. Very adept. The things they made me do in the service of the Foundation, I did them gladly. They made my heart sing, Kro'Ka. Then one day, L'Da found me. Took it on herself to save me. Her family was wealthy enough to buy me out of the Church. The Elders hated it, but they liked my dowry more. Oh, L'Da, you brought me back to life, brought me back to sanity, until I had to kill her. Kill her because you and the Divergents put me in an impossible situation.
KRO'KA: It was an experiment. A controlled environment.
C'RIZZ: Not controlled enough!
KRO'KA: But you went with the Doctor.
C'RIZZ: I ran. Ran away from the voices. The voices that came back when I killed her.
KRO'KA: I told the Doctor you were unstable.
C'RIZZ: Did you? Well, how good of him never to mention it. Trouble was, you had no idea how unstable. But you have now.
(Whoosh.)
RASSILON: Stop! Stop this now!

DOCTOR: I was in my ship, you see, with C'Rizz.
PERFECTION: Ker-what?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz. Hard C apostrophe R I double Zed. He's a Eutermesan.
PERFECTION: Ah ha. Keep talking. The abridged version, if you can.
DOCTOR: The last thing I remember is we were just about to crash. I mean, the ship was burning up in the fall, so we must have all blacked out. I can only imagine we splashed down in the ocean. I say ship, of course, only it doesn't sail on the sea. The best it can manage is to bob around a bit. You know, you're right. It's not in the least bit convincing. What do you think I'm doing here?
PERFECTION: The same as me.
DOCTOR: Which is?

PERFECTION: If I'm right, and you're lying, then you know it already.
DOCTOR: And if you're wrong, and I'm telling the truth?
PERFECTION: Whichever, I don't have to tell you.
DOCTOR: Who's the wise guy now?
PERFECTION: But if you're telling me the truth.
DOCTOR: Yes?
PERFECTION: Go ask the crabs if they ate your friends.
(Rumbling sound.)
DOCTOR: Well, I would, but something's got them agitated. Look.
PERFECTION: Heading for the rock pools, searching for cover.
DOCTOR: The weather's changing. They're sensitive to the shift in atmospheric pressure. A tropical storm, I think.
PERFECTION: Tsunami.
DOCTOR: Bless you.
PERFECTION: Tsunami?
DOCTOR: Yes, I know, I know. A tidal wave. Dreadful term. Tautology. All waves are tidal, you see?
PERFECTION: Tsunami!
DOCTOR: Oh, that tsunami. Run!

(Hubbub of voices.)
RASSILON: You will all be silent.
C'RIZZ: And who are you? Get out of my mind, my dreams.
KRO'KA: My lord, the Eutermesan is awake.
C'RIZZ: My lord? Are you a Divergent?
RASSILON: I am the Lord Rassilon. Kro'Ka, leave. Now.
KRO'KA: My lord.
(Whoosh.)
C'RIZZ: What do you want, Rassilon?
RASSILON: I am but a lost traveller anxious to get home. I may at last possess the means, once I have reactivated my Foundry and opened the door.
C'RIZZ: I mean, what do you want with me?
RASSILON: Your help, Eutermesan. Not so much to ask, I venture, since I was the one who saved you when the Tardis crashed, who healed your body while your mind was distracted. Yours, and that of your friend, Miss Pollard.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte. Is she safe?
RASSILON: Perfectly. She's resting once again. I wonder what she'd make of all this? Maybe I should join your thoughts briefly, enough for her to see you as you really are.
C'RIZZ: No! No! Go away. Make the voices go away!
RASSILON: I can't, C'Rizz. Only you can do that. They're your thoughts, your memories. You locked them away before. I only regret that Kro'Ka's lack of grace has provoke their reappearance.
C'RIZZ: You have to make them go away. If Charlotte finds out
RASSILON: Yes?
C'RIZZ: She'll. Well, she'll
RASSILON: Yes?
C'RIZZ: She'll hate me. They'll both hate me.
CHARLEY [OC]: C'Rizz? C'Rizz, are you there?
C'RIZZ: No. No, please, keep her away. Please.
RASSILON: Why?
CHARLEY [OC]: C'Rizz, are you there? Who are all these people?
C'RIZZ: Please, I'll do anything. Anything.
RASSILON: Anything?
C'RIZZ: Yes, anything!
(Silence.)
RASSILON: Anything, I believe you said.
C'RIZZ: (crying) Yes, anything.
RASSILON: Thank you.

(Loud rumble of lots of water.)
PERFECTION: Come on, Doctor. The cliff. The wave's breaking. It'll be on us any minute. Here, climb.
DOCTOR: Climb? It's like the north face of the Eiger.
PERFECTION: Climb!
DOCTOR: Oh, I never got puffed out before my nine hundredth birthday, but you know what they say, you reach the big nine fifty and everything goes.
PERFECTION: Is it like a nervous thing? You know, the constant chatter?
DOCTOR: I talk too much? You think I talk too much? I'll have you know my oratory has won me plaudits from the Oxford Union to the Court of the Russian Tsars. The Empress Alexandra said
PERFECTION: Hold me tight while I give this a tug.
DOCTOR: She most certainly. Oh, the vine.
PERFECTION: The creepers reach up to the plateau. We'll be safe there. It'll hold. So, make like a monkey and climb!

CHARLEY: Mother.
LOUISA: I'm not your mother, not really.
CHARLEY: I know that, but you look like her, sound like her, and to be honest, right now I would really like you to be her.
LOUISA: Of course. Lottie, my darling, what can I help you with?
CHARLEY: What do you think of Lord Rassilon? He said he doesn't lie, but we've been waiting fifteen minutes and there's no sign of C'Rizz.
LOUISA: Well, perhaps you have to dream of him. Bring him into your conscious mind as you did me.
CHARLEY: I didn't bring Rassilon in. He just turned up,
KRO'KA: Like a bad penny?
CHARLEY: Oh no, not you.
LOUISA: Who's this?
CHARLEY: The Kro'Ka. I told you about him.
LOUISA: Oh, yes. The blobby weasel, wasn't it?
KRO'KA: Yes. Well, Lord Rassilon has sent me to get you.
CHARLEY: Get me?
KRO'KA: Yes. It's time you woke up. He's busy sorting C'Rizz out. I get the prettier one.
CHARLEY: If I wake up, Mother, you'll be gone.
LOUISA: Yes.
CHARLEY: For, for good?
LOUISA: Yes. I'm sorry.
CHARLEY: I missed you.
LOUISA: That's nice. We all missed you.
CHARLEY: I hadn't thought about it before. I'm never going to see you again.
LOUISA: Of course you will, Lottie. I'm here, in your head, and in your heart, always. Always. Always. I'm so proud of you, you know. So proud. (fades away) Proud, so proud.
(Typing.)
KRO'KA: Proud of you. (laughs) I enjoyed that. Did you hear what I wrote, my lord? I'm so proud.
(Charley gasps.)
CHARLEY: Where, where am I?
RASSILON: Safe, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: Where's C'Rizz?
KRO'KA: Just over here, Charley. Still fast asleep.
CHARLEY: Oh, and I thought you'd be here. Great. Lord Rassilon, where's the Doctor?
RASSILON: Alive. I traced him to a small part of this world. He's well, and busy.
CHARLEY: Searching for us?
RASSILON: Oh, I don't think so. Not just yet. This planet is very special.
CHARLEY: Special? In what way?
RASSILON: It is, to be frank, the way out.

CHARLEY: Out? Out where?
RASSILON: Back home, dear child. Back to Gallifrey, or Earth, or wherever your heart desires.
CHARLEY: And why should I believe you of all people?
RASSILON: What have I to gain by lying about such a thing? We're all in the same predicament.
CHARLEY: So you're telling me that from here we can all go home?
RASSILON: You really could see your mother again.
CHARLEY: Well, we should find the Doctor, then.
RASSILON: Observe that screen. What do you see?
DOCTOR [OC]: From the Oxford Union to the Court
CHARLEY: (delighted) Doctor! Oh, Doctor!
PERFECTION [OC]: Hold me tight while I give this a tug.
CHARLEY: Who's she?
RASSILON: That's the Doctor's newest friend.
(Turns off screen.)
RASSILON: Perhaps he thinks she can help him find the way out.
CHARLEY: Well, can she?
RASSILON: I've been watching her and her friends for some time. Yes, I believe that together they'll find the solution to our little problem, the key to our collective prison. The important thing is to make sure he takes us with him.
CHARLEY: Well, of course he will. Why wouldn't he?
RASSILON: Why should he? I'm his enemy. C'Rizz has no life on Earth. This is his universe. Same for Kro'Ka. That leave you.
CHARLEY: Me?
RASSILON: He didn't want you to come with him, Miss Pollard. He wanted you to stay on Gallifrey. He knew what he was going to find in this universe, but didn't want you along. I wonder why?

(Birdsong.)
DOCTOR: The sea is calm already. What an angry little planet. Was that all for our benefit, do you wonder?
PERFECTION: Interesting theory, Doctor, if kind of paranoid. You think this whole world is out to get you?
DOCTOR: It crashes into my ship and attacks me with crabs, and then it tries to drown me. I can't think it likes me very much. The Tardis didn't want to land here. I wonder if the old girl was on to something.
PERFECTION: Come on, we're leaving.
DOCTOR: Where are we going?
PERFECTION: Back to camp. That's unless you want to wander the jungle alone?
DOCTOR: Judging by today's experiences, not really, no.
(Walking.)
DOCTOR: So tell me what brings you here, Perfection.
PERFECTION: Don't you mean, what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?
DOCTOR: That's a cliché in this universe too? Fascinating.
PERFECTION: Well, as a matter of fact, my husband brought me here.
DOCTOR: Husband?
PERFECTION: Don't sound so surprised, unless you think no one could ever want to marry me.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, it's not that at all. So, er, what brings your husband here?
PERFECTION: His mission.
DOCTOR: What, he's some sort of agent?
PERFECTION: In a way. He brings the Truth to this island. The Truth of the Foundation.
DOCTOR: Oh, his *mission.* I see. And you believe in this Foundation?
PERFECTION: Well, of course I do. But we can't all be preachers, can we. This way. Oh!
DOCTOR: It's a pig trap. Are you all right?

PERFECTION: I'm fine, I think. These traps are everywhere. The natives dig them to catch tigers in. We want to teach them to tame them, but. Not much of a gentleman, are you? Is he going to help me out?
DOCTOR: Got you. I'm sorry, my curiosity got the better of my manners.
PERFECTION: Oh, that's quite all right. It's not like I nearly died or anything, impaled on those spikes.
DOCTOR: But you've hurt yourself. Here, on your arm.
PERFECTION: No, that's old. An accident.
DOCTOR: But it's recent. It looks like a burn or a weal.
PERFECTION: I told you, I got it by accident. You coming?
DOCTOR: In a minute. One thing though.
PERFECTION: What?
DOCTOR: We're being followed.
PERFECTION: Followed? Since when?
DOCTOR: Not long. Behind the tree to my right. You see? I'm just not sure if it's something that might eat us, or something that might hurt us.
PERFECTION: It's neither. Jembere-Bud, it's you, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Jembere-Bud?
PERFECTION: One of the native girls. She took a shine to my husband, would you believe. You go that way. I'll distract her. Come here, Jembere-Bud. I can see you.
DOCTOR: Gotcha.
(Girl whimpers.)
PERFECTION: Hey now, calm down. We just want to know why you were following us, that's all. (Slowly) Why you watch us, understand?
DOCTOR: She's not listening. And she's not well. Look at her eyes, they're not moving at all. I saw something like this on Haiti once.
PERFECTION: Hoodoo?
DOCTOR: No, really. Oh, I see. Hello? Can you hear me? There's nothing there. It's like she's empty. Now, if I can break the conditioning. Ah yes, this little thing on a chain should do the trick. It usually does.
PERFECTION: Wow, that's pretty. What is it?
DOCTOR: Apparently it's called a moonstone. My friend C'Rizz gave it to me. Now, young lady, watch the pretty little crescent moon swing back and forth. Back and forth. Oh, the power's back on. She's off!
(Running feet.)
PERFECTION: Oh, Jembere-Bud, not that way! There's a
(Thud.)
PERFECTION: Pit trap.

RASSILON: C'Rizz, wake up.
C'RIZZ: Where am I?
RASSILON: Safe.
C'RIZZ: Lord Rassilon, where's the Doctor?
RASSILON: Alive. I traced him to a small part of this world. He's well, and busy.
C'RIZZ: Searching for us.
RASSILON: Oh, I don't think so. Not just yet. This planet is very special.
C'RIZZ: Special in what way?
RASSILON: It's the way out.
C'RIZZ: Out where?
RASSILON: To my universe. To the Doctor's.
C'RIZZ: Oh. Should I care?
RASSILON: No. No, probably not. Now, C'Rizz, what do you know of anti-time?
C'RIZZ: Nothing. It's a phrase I heard the Doctor use.
RASSILON: Zagreus?
C'RIZZ: An anti-time virus or something. Charlotte told me he was infected with it, that it's the reason they're here in this universe. He's safe here, it's in remission, she said.
RASSILON: What if I told you that was a lie?
C'RIZZ: Charlotte would never lie.

RASSILON: Oh, indeed. Miss Pollard is blameless. No, the Doctor has lied. To her and you. You see, he's not infected by the Zagreus energies at all. Hasn't been since the moment he arrived, give or take a day or two.
C'RIZZ: Why would he lie?
RASSILON: Because he needed you. You and Miss Pollard both. He used you to help him find the way out, to help him reach the door. It's been a fight, I imagine, through all the landscapes of the Crucible world, to seize the Tardis, to make your way here. So many battles you've been through, so many perils have you faced for your captain. But if you'd been lost to the caress of Miraculite, or Miss Pollard had died in the caves of Setarus, you think he'd have cared? You drew his enemy's fire, and should you have fallen in action, he'd have recruited himself another footsoldier.
C'RIZZ: No. No, I can't believe that.
RASSILON: And what do you believe in, Eutermesan? You left your Church only to worship at the altar of the Doctor. Like the Church, he cares nothing for you. He only ever saw you as a devotee, as someone to serve him in his mission. Now his mission is nearly over, now his search for the door is nearly complete, you and Miss Pollard, someone he never wanted here in the first place, as I imagine she has told you, are no longer required. He has, as you can see, abandoned you. So, tell me, how does that make you feel?

PERFECTION: She's dead, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know, I know, and it's awful. The only question is, when.
PERFECTION: And you call yourself a doctor?
DOCTOR: No, look, look. Look inside these wounds.
PERFECTION: You take me for some kind of ghoul?
DOCTOR: No, not in the least. Look.
PERFECTION: There's no blood?
DOCTOR: There's nothing inside her at all, just this tissue. You couldn't call it flesh, exactly. Tell me more about these natives.
PERFECTION: Well, there's nothing to tell. Two arms, two legs, two hearts. They're just like us.
DOCTOR: Two hearts? This poor girl hasn't even got one. The fact is, I don't see anything here to keep her going at all.
(Trumpeting sound.)
DOCTOR: Elephants?
PERFECTION: The Great White Chief, Daqar Keep. My husband,
KEEP: Porters, porters, halt the caravan.
(Dismounts.)
KEEP: Perfection, ma cherie. You must stop disappearing of on these adventures, you know. Who's that with you?
PERFECTION: His name's the Doctor.
DOCTOR: I was shipwrecked.
KEEP: Ah.
DOCTOR: No, really. I'm looking for my friends. Have you seen them? Young girl, blonde, sort of pretty, about so tall and there's also
(Voices.)
KEEP: Now what's stirred the porters up? Guidance?
GUIDANCE: There is a body. It is Jembere-Bud. All things must die. There is no magic! There is only the Truth.
KEEP: Remember, the Foundation is the Truth. I am the Foundation so I am the Truth.
DOCTOR: And the truth is?
KEEP: The truth is, this Doctor killed Jembere-Bud!
PERFECTION: No, no, that isn't
KEEP: Do you challenge the Truth, my darling? Do you dare?
PERFECTION: I, I. I can't, Doctor. My husband speaks the Truth.
DOCTOR: Perfection
GUIDANCE: Porters, seize this man.
DOCTOR: What's your game, Keep?

KEEP: You are, my friend. I'm so sorry about this, Doctor. I don't doubt you're innocent, but we had some difficulties with the natives when Jembere-Bud disappeared, and now she's dead, well, relations could get very awkward, and the Mission must continue unimpeded. It is for the best. Nothing personal, trust me. No offence.
DOCTOR: No, none taken.
PERFECTION: Husband, don't. Oh!
KEEP: Oh, did you slip, my darling? I am Keep. I am the Foundation, and I am the Truth. This man has killed Jembere-Bud. The Truth will have his blood for this.
DOCTOR: Keep, this isn't the truth. It's all a stupid lie.
KEEP: Enough! Porters, just kill him.

[Part Three]

KEEP: Did I not make myself clear? Kill him!
(Murmuring.)
KEEP: Disobedient rabble. Do you not know who I am? You dare wave your spear sticks at me? Idiots! Guidance, end this mutiny.
GUIDANCE: They say, this is not the way their people deal with murder. They say, you may not deny them their justice, Master Keep.
DOCTOR: Innocent until proven guilty, yes? Not so savage after all. Guidance, is it? Tell these men I'm willing to submit myself to the due processes of their law.
GUIDANCE: You are guilty, all right, but they demand the right to hunt you down according to tradition.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
KEEP: Hunt him down? Oh, what marvellous sport. Porters, Keep agrees to your suggestion. Perfection, what are you doing down there? Pass me your rifle, my darling. I think a twelve bore will do just the thing.
PERFECTION: You can't, can't hound down a man.
KEEP: Thank you.
(Cocks rifle.)
KEEP: Ordinarily, no, but er, have you not encouraged me to participate in the local rites ever since we arrived? Of course you have.
PERFECTION: This wasn't what I had in mind.
KEEP: So, what happens now, Guidance? Count to ten, twenty, one hundred, then er, coming, ready or not?
GUIDANCE: Tradition demands the killer be released at dusk. When the high tide wets the blood cliff, then the hunting party may depart.
DOCTOR: And if I make it through the night I'm free?
GUIDANCE: You will not make it through the night. No one ever has.
PERFECTION: But if he does?
GUIDANCE: He has the right to hunt down his accuser.
KEEP: He has what?
DOCTOR: You heard, Keep. Tally ho, Guidance. Tell these men I concur. Now, in most places in my universe, the condemned man gets a hearty meal.

C'RIZZ: Charlotte, are you awake?
CHARLEY: C'Rizz? Oh, C'Rizz, you're all right.
C'RIZZ: Yes, I'm so glad to see you.
CHARLEY: I met Rassilion,
C'RIZZ: So did I. What did he tell you about, about me?
CHARLEY: Well, that you were still sleeping. I must have dozed off again. Oh, I've seen the Doctor. He's on an island somewhere, trying to find a key.
C'RIZZ: To the way out?
CHARLEY: Yes, then we can go home.
C'RIZZ: This is my home, Charlotte. I thought you'd accepted it as yours now.
CHARLEY: Well, I, well, I suppose I had. But Rassilon says we have a chance.

Oh, you must see we have to take it. Once Rassilon has found a way to keep the Zagreus energy suppressed
C'RIZZ: Can he do that?
CHARLEY: Well, he told me he's been here for centuries, free of any infection himself.
C'RIZZ: Rassilon was infected?
CHARLEY: Well, he says so. It actually makes sense, explains why he turned bad. He was the Doctor's hero, you see, and we were so worried about the Doctor's infection that we overlooked the fact that Rassilon may have been infected too. But now he's cured.
C'RIZZ: You believe him?
CHARLEY: Well, sort of. Well, enough to discuss it with the Doctor when he comes for us.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, the Doctor has been clear of the virus for months.
CHARLEY: What? What nonsense. Who told you that?
C'RIZZ: Rassilon.
CHARLEY: What makes you believe him?
C'RIZZ: Well, you believe his story about being infected.
CHARLEY: That's different.
C'RIZZ: Why?
CHARLEY: Well, because
C'RIZZ: You don't want to believe that the Doctor has lied to you. Neither do I, but it is a possibility.
CHARLEY: Utter rot. I mean, the Doctor's always trying to suppress the Zagreus. Well, I mean, he's. Actually. Oh God, I can't think of the last time he mentioned it.
C'RIZZ: And he's been trying to get here, although we didn't know exactly where *here* was. But what guarantee have we got that he'll come to collect you?
CHARLEY: Us, C'Rizz. He'll take us.
C'RIZZ: Well, he's not with us now. I presume Rassilon showed you him on the screen with some woman. He didn't seem to be trying to find us. He doesn't even know if we're alive.
CHARLEY: For all he knows we died in the Tardis crash.
C'RIZZ: For all you know, he didn't wait to find out. I mean, where exactly do you think we are now?
CHARLEY: The Tardis? Well, Rassilon fixed it up, I expect. I mean, like he fixed us. Well, he invented Tardises, after all.
C'RIZZ: Makes you wonder though, doesn't it? I like the Doctor, Charlotte, really I do, but we've never stopped to question his motives. Never stopped to ask what he's been trying to do.
CHARLEY: He said being cut off from Time was like losing a limb, or a sense.
C'RIZZ: But if he knew of a way out, it's not unreasonable to want to get back, to regain those senses.
CHARLEY: But he'd still want us, wouldn't he?
C'RIZZ: Why? What does he need us for? If that woman or her friends can help him, what do we have to offer? I'm just a refugee and you
CHARLEY: Unwanted baggage. Everyone back home thinks I'm dead. It'd be so easy for him to leave me here.
C'RIZZ: No, no, what are we saying? This is the Doctor. He won't abandon us, I'm sure of it.
CHARLEY: I wish I was. Oh, C'Rizz, I really don't know. He's not human. He has different thoughts and ideas to me, to you. Who knows where his priorities lie in this situation? Oh, I'm so confused.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry, Charlotte, but I think we might have to fend for ourselves now.
CHARLEY: He never wanted me here, resented my hiding in the Tardis. Is that it? We're just in the way?

(Drumbeats.)
DOCTOR: Guidance, my, my, the bush telegraph is busy.
GUIDANCE: News travels fast on this island, Doctor. Every young buck who

wants to prove his manhood is eager to blood his face in your entrails.
DOCTOR: That's teenagers for you. Of course, I was a terror till one hundred and twenty.
GUIDANCE: One hundred and
DOCTOR: Late developer. You're a Eutermesan, aren't you. Distinctive crenelations. My friend C'Rizz, he's like you. A touch more mottled in his skin tone, though.
GUIDANCE: C'Rizz. A broodling of the third order?
DOCTOR: I don't know about the third order. He's a first rate fellow. Why, do you know him?
GUIDANCE: I have committed the birth trees of all the major hatcheries to memory.
DOCTOR: Absolutely amazing. I can do Liverpool strikers and goals from 1964 to 5, to 2013 to 14. Ah, 2013 to 14, what a terrible season that was. So what are you, Guidance, a genealogy bore?
GUIDANCE: I am an upper minister in the Church of the Foundation.
DOCTOR: Oh, I do beg your pardon, Archbishop. Oh, I get it. I get it. Condemned man and all that. You've come to absolve my sins, come for my confession. Well, all right, sit down. This could take some time. So, in year 50 at the Academy, it was me who fed the snapping wart fowl with Valyes's summer produce.
GUIDANCE: I have come to tell you that your meal is prepared.
DOCTOR: Oh, was that it? Well, about time too. I could eat a stripy pigbear. That Valyes business, keep it between us, hmm? I know him, he'll go spare.
GUIDANCE: This way, Doctor.

(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Rassilon, where do you. Ah, there you are.
RASSILON: Yes, Miss Pollard? Eutermesan.
CHARLEY: You can drop the Charlie Chan inscrutable bit, thank you very much. C'Rizz and I have been talking, and
C'RIZZ: We want to leave.
CHARLEY: Right this minute, if it's all the same to you.
KRO'KA: I don't think so, missy. Such arrogance. Tell me, as a child, how often were you taken over someone's knee?
RASSILON: Hush, Kro'Ka. Miss Pollard, young C'Rizz, they are not our prisoners. They are more than welcome to leave.
KRO'KA: They are?
CHARLEY: So yah boo, Kro'Ka, with knobs on.
C'RIZZ: We can leave? Find the Doctor?
RASSILON: But of course. You are free to ally yourself with whomever you choose. Kro'Ka? The doors.
KRO'KA: If you say so, my lord.
(Lever pulled, doors open.)
RASSILON: There, my friends. The island. The Doctor is somewhere thataway. Catch him if you can. I only hope he's pleased to see you.
CHARLEY: You think you're so big, don't you, messing with our heads. But I've met you before. I know what you're like. You've got villain stamped right through you like a stick of Blackpool rock.
RASSILON: Better an honest villain than a counterfeit hero.
CHARLEY: Honest? I know what you are up to. Snuffing out the Divergents. bottling them in a dead end nothingness just because you could.
RASSILON: If you could look into the seeds of Time and say which grains will grow and which will not.
(Shakespeare, Macbeth, act 1 scene 3.)
C'RIZZ: What's he on about?
CHARLEY: He's quoting. He thinks he's being clever. I call it pretentious.
RASSILON: The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
(Shakespeare, Hamlet, act 3 scene 2.)
CHARLEY: Goodbye, Rassilon. I hope we three will never meet again. Not in

thunder nor in lightning nor in rain. Come on, C'Rizz.
(Paraphrase of Macbeth, act 1 scene 1.)
(Footsteps, and doors close.)
RASSILON: I shan't be far behind, my friends.
KRO'KA: You think your plan has worked, my lord?
RASSILON: It has.
KRO'KA: Their faith in him is broken?
RASSILON: Enough.
KRO'KA: And one of them will betray him to us?
RASSILON: Oh, I'm certain of it. One, if not both. But definitely one.
(Tardis engines.)

(Gong.)
DOCTOR: Well, that's some dinner gong. I only wanted a light bite, not loaves and fishes for five thousand.
GUIDANCE: The gong marks every tenth wave till high tide, Doctor. When it sounds five, then you will depart. When it sounds six, the hunters are let loose.
DOCTOR: You know, it's fascinating how the people of this universe contrive to mark the passage of time, although they have no concept of it. I keep on wondering why that is.
GUIDANCE: Such mysteries are shared only among the adept.
DOCTOR: What, of your Church? The Foundation, they know about Time? You flinched. You flinched when I said Time You did it again, there, like an actor hearing Macbeth. Ah, I mean, the Scottish Play.
GUIDANCE: I made no such reaction.
DOCTOR: Oh, you did. You know, Guidance. You know what Time is.
GUIDANCE: You're babbling, Doctor. The trauma of your shipwreck, it must have sent you mad. This is why you killed Jembere-Bud.
DOCTOR: Can't fool me, Guidance. I know you know. And tomorrow morning, when I come back, you can tell me all about it.

KEEP: Doctor, we've been waiting. Off you trot, Guidance.
DOCTOR: Hello, Keep. A table set for three?
KEEP: But of course. I shall be dining with you, Doctor, as will my wife.
DOCTOR: So long as she doesn't slurp her soup. I can't bear that. Where is she, by the way?
PERFECTION: I'm here, Doctor.
KEEP: And wearing Keep's favourite gown. You look enchanting, my dear. Don't you agree, Doctor? Isn't she divine?
DOCTOR: She scrubs up well, I'll give you that.
PERFECTION: Shall we eat?
DOCTOR: Allow me. Your chair.
PERFECTION: Thank you.
KEEP: Your manners are impeccable, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Not bad for a snipe what was branged up in the Gallifrey gutter.
KEEP: Butter? A small hors d'oeuvre to begin.
PERFECTION: Oh, Keep.
KEEP: It's the local cuisine, my dear.
DOCTOR: Nothing wrong with that, The humble nematode is a much underrated source of nutrition, I'm told.
PERFECTION: Doctor, it's worms.
DOCTOR: I know. Down the hatch.
KEEP: Not so fast, Doctor. We're forgetting grace.
DOCTOR: Grace? There's no Grace here.
KEEP: Perfection, my dear, you do it so much better than I.
PERFECTION: For what we are about to receive.
KEEP: We thank the Foundation.
PERFECTION: For the water we shall shortly imbibe.
KEEP: We thank the Foundation.
PERFECTION: For all the produce in the Purchase Zone.

KEEP: We thank the Foundation.
PERFECTION: In this life and the next.
DOCTOR: We thank the Foundation? Yes? All done? Yes? Good-o. Mmm, mmm, mmm. Oh, dig in, Keep. Half the flavour's in the wriggling.
PERFECTION: Go on, husband. He calls himself a gourmet.
KEEP: And so I am.
DOCTOR: Mmm. Well, I'm glad to hear it. You know, I remember an occasion in the er, Pacific, wasn't it? '39, when I was presented with a fantastically esoteric set menu.
(Keep gags.)
DOCTOR: Wasn't that I minded the food, but by the time I got to the bouillabaisse of dolphins brains, I'd reached the conclusion that mine host was a vulgar bully, out to coerce and humiliate all of his guests. Of course, Keep, you being a gentleman of such wealth, refinement and taste, the experience is entirely different.
(Perfection coughs.)
DOCTOR: You all right, Perfection?
PERFECTION: My water went down the wrong way.
DOCTOR: Mmm, tricky stuff, water. Mmm, the main course.
PERFECTION: Beetles!
DOCTOR: And they're beauties. So big and round and shiny. Seems almost a shame to
(Crunch!)
DOCTOR: Mmm, don't bother shelling them, Keep. The crunchy chitin's best.
KEEP: Oh, you do it your own way.
DOCTOR: So tell me about your mission, Keep. Why did you pick this planet to bring your Truth to in particular? Why this island?
KEEP: This island is this planet, Doctor. The rest is ocean. And the planet's nothing special.
DOCTOR: I beg to differ. You see, I've already observed that tidal waves spring up in seconds when there's no moon to drive the water. And then there's the flora and fauna. Outsized intelligent crabs living side by side with two-trunked elephants, humanoid albinos, and Rassilon knows what else.
KEEP: Rassilon?
DOCTOR: You don't know? Oh no, I don't believe you do.
PERFECTION: You were saying about the island?
DOCTOR: Oh, and then there's the biggest mystery of them all. The volcano? Great big smoking thing, towering over the trees.
KEEP: Ah yes, majestic, isn't it. The natives have a name for it. Tanak'huak'ta, the Bellows of the Devil. What about it?
DOCTOR: A feature that size must have been here for millennia, but in all that time it's not once exploded.
PERFECTION: How do you know?
DOCTOR: Your blood cliff. Made of sandstone? No magma's ever flowed down there. I think this island's very special, Keep. Oh, you can browbeat the natives into parroting any screed you like
(Gong!)
DOCTOR: And I don't doubt you enjoy it, but there's something else that has brought you here, I'm sure.
KEEP: Oh, I believe that's four strikes, Doctor. It'd be best if you readied yourself.
DOCTOR: Oh no, really? What about pudding?
PERFECTION: Bile crabs, probably. I'll save some for later.
KEEP: But there won't be any later, my darling. He's going to die.
PERFECTION: Oh, of course he is, Keep. I forgot.
DOCTOR: He's right, Perfection. Best if I get down to being killed. Your supper here's been quite enough. I couldn't cope with breakfast. Down here, is it? Good.

C'RIZZ: Charlotte, this is hopeless. We're getting nowhere.
CHARLEY: Nonsense. We're on the right track, I'm sure of it.

C'RIZZ: What track? Oh, where are we?
CHARLEY: Well, if we were on Earth, I'd say either the greenhouse at the Crystal Palace, or darkest Africa.
C'RIZZ: But?
CHARLEY: But we're not, so it's neither. Oh, we went to see the Crystal Palace after they moved it, you know. I was just a girl then.
C'RIZZ: What is this Crystal Palace, exactly?
CHARLEY: Ah, it's the most astonishing place. Beautiful buildings built entirely of glass. Daddy drove us up there. We went through Guildford and then stopped for lunch in Kingston, and then we headed off to Sydenham.
C'RIZZ: Sydenham?
CHARLEY: Oh, it's actually called Crystal Palace these days, in honour of those magnificent buildings.
C'RIZZ: Oh, wait, yes, I remember. Your King Edward? Did he live in this palace?
CHARLEY: Well, it wasn't actually a palace, silly. It was just called a palace because it was so beautiful. I thought I'd never see it again.
C'RIZZ: Who's to say you will?
CHARLEY: Well, Rassilon.
C'RIZZ: Rassilon, it strikes me, will say anything you want to hear. I don't like him.
CHARLEY: No, nor me, really.
C'RIZZ: And he works with the Kro'Ka.
CHARLEY: Who I thought worked for the Divergents.
C'RIZZ: Maybe Rassilon is too.
CHARLEY: Oh, no. I can't imagine Rassilon working for anyone. He's rather splendid, isn't he?
C'RIZZ: He was pretentious earlier.
CHARLEY: Oh, I know, I know, but, well, he carries himself well. He has a bearing about him. You can see why the Time Lords rated him so highly.
C'RIZZ: You've just got a thing for Time Lords.
CHARLEY: I have not!
C'RIZZ: Oh, Doctor, Doctor, I love you. Please let me travel in your Tardis.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, that's not fair. Or very nice.
C'RIZZ: Oh, I'm fed up of being nice, Charlotte. I'm fed up of being pushed around by Kro'Kas, Divergents, Rassilons and Doctors.
CHARLEY: Oh, you wish you'd stayed with your people, rebuilt your lands?
C'RIZZ: I wish I'd stayed with L'Da.
CHARLEY: L'Da's dead.
C'RIZZ: What if she wasn't? What if I could change that?
CHARLEY: What has Rassilon offered you?
C'RIZZ: Nothing. Nothing real, anyway. But I can dream, can't I?
CHARLEY: I'll see Crystal Palace again. Be with Mother and Margaret and Cecilia.
C'RIZZ: And the price? What was your price, Charlotte? Charlotte!

(Hubbub of angry voices.)
DOCTOR: I'm the bogeyman, apparently. Hope your parents warned you. Oh, for me?
GUIDANCE: The garland of black poppies is traditional, Doctor. It is so the jungle devils know your soul is theirs to consume.
DOCTOR: Mmm, thank you. You're very kind. I'll give the jungle devils your regards.
KEEP: Porters, break open the rifles. Yes, the fire sticks. Oh, do try to be less of a cliché.
DOCTOR: Not going to bagsy an elephant gun, Perfection?
PERFECTION: I couldn't shoulder it, much less stomach it.
KEEP: Then take the twelve bore, my darling. Someone might have to put him out of his misery, after all.
PERFECTION: I should put you out of mine.

KEEP: Oh. And such mink-lined misery you've endured with Keep. To marry the richest, most powerful man in the galaxy. To have every possible want of yours fulfilled. Yes, it must be hell.
PERFECTION: All your wealth and influence will count for nothing soon. That's why we're here, isn't it?
DOCTOR: What's that? In trouble with the tax man, Keep?
KEEP: Nothing so prosaic, Doctor. My wife has an inconstant heart. Once her pot of gold is threatened, she gets the jitters. I may be crude and vulgar, a bully, worse, but I alone am taking steps to resolve the situation that imperils us. I and my Foundation.
PERFECTION: Forcing the Doctor to his death. What does that resolve?
KEEP: His elimination has become convenient, that's all.
PERFECTION: Then why are you enjoying this so much? We're a hundred thousand miles away from a home that's bound to die, and we're still no nearer our objective. We haven't got a hope, Keep. How much longer now before everything we've ever known, everything there's ever been, is annihilated utterly? This man, this Doctor, he's clever. He knows what's going on.
DOCTOR: I promise you I don't.
PERFECTION: If anyone can find the truth, if anyone can save us, he can. Stop this, Keep. Save him. Save your Foundation. Save yourself.
KEEP: (laughs) Well, well. Doctor. I do believe my wife sees you as her white knight come to carry her off to fairyland. Shipwreck survivor, my darling Perfection? You don't believe that any more than I do. Your Doctor, he wants the secret of this island for himself. He's no better than I. No, no, he's worse. He flatters to deceive.
PERFECTION: Oh, Keep, not everyone else is as rotten as you. The Doctor, he may be out for himself, but at least he'd never hurt me. And since there's so little time left before the end, well, I'd rather spend it with a noble liar than an honest brute. For the last time, Keep, let him go.
DOCTOR: Perfection, please. I fight my own battles. And don't go waving guns around. Someone will get hurt.
GUIDANCE: Well said, Doctor. Safety first. Master Keep, the hunters want to know. Why does the quarry delay?
KEEP: Yes, a good question, Guidance.
DOCTOR: Quite right too. Now don't worry, all. Won't be over too quick. I'll give the best possible chase.
(Applause.)
MOTHER: Stop! You laugh? All of you laugh when my daughter is dead? You should be ashamed.
DOCTOR: I do apologise. You are Jembere-Bud's mother? Well, I can only imagine your grief, but you must believe me. Whatever it was killed your child was far outside the ordinary
MOTHER: Stop it!
PERFECTION: She's got a knife.
DOCTOR: I know. Please, please, if I only had the time, I'd find out what it was
MOTHER: Smiling liar! Killer of children! You are not worthy of the hunt. You should have your throat slit like a rabid dog.
GUIDANCE: No. Mother of Jembere-Bud, this is not the way.
DOCTOR: He's right. I'm the Doctor. I make things better. And I know that better seems impossible right now, but it's what I specialise in. Please. Please, let me help you.
MOTHER: No!
DOCTOR: Let me help you.
MOTHER: No!
GUIDANCE: Doctor, look out.
(Gunshot. The mother falls.)
KEEP: You unfeeling bitch. What have you done?
PERFECTION: I'm so sorry. I didn't mean. She went for you. I just reacted.
DOCTOR: I told you someone would get hurt.
GUIDANCE: Back! Get back. Back!

KEEP: The mother of Jembere-Bud is dead. This woman has killed her. This is the truth.
PERFECTION: Keep?
DOCTOR: You really are a monster, Keep.
KEEP: The law is clear. These two killers must now be hunted down, according to tradition. I'm so sorry, my darling wife.
PERFECTION: But my elimination has become convenient, that's all.
KEEP: And this man, this Doctor is clever. He's resourceful. Why worry, with your white knight by your side?
GUIDANCE: Doctor, high tide is nearly at the blood cliff, and all things must die.
DOCTOR: Perfection, we've got no choice. We have to run.
PERFECTION: I killed her, Doctor. I didn't mean to do it.
GUIDANCE: But you did.
DOCTOR: We have to run, Perfection.
PERFECTION: I didn't mean to, Doctor. You know I didn't mean to.
DOCTOR: Come on, Perfection. We have to run!

C'RIZZ: Charlotte, I asked you a question.
(Distant bang.)
CHARLEY: Shh. What was that?
C'RIZZ: What was what?
CHARLEY: I heard a noise. A gunshot, I think. It came from thataway.
C'RIZZ: No, hang on, Charlotte. I asked you a question.
CHARLEY: Oh, then you can ask it again later! That was a gunshot, I swear it was. And if the Doctor's here in this jungle, the chances are
C'RIZZ: He's the one being shot at. What a surprise.
CHARLEY: Well, are you just going to stand there or are you going to do something useful?
C'RIZZ: Such as?
CHARLEY: Oh, for Heaven's sake! Look, I'm going to find the Doctor, see who's shooting at him. Either come with me or stay here and, and
C'RIZZ: Yes?
CHARLEY: Oh, I don't know. Blend in with a tree or something. That's what you do best, isn't it? Skulking and hiding and. What the devil?
(Elephant trumpets.)
KEEP: Halt! And just what are you doing here? Why aren't you back at the Mission?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, do I know you?
KEEP: Go on, go back now, unless you want to get trampled on.
CHARLEY: What is this, rush hour up the Congo? C'Rizz, I think we'd better. C'Rizz? C'Rizz?
KEEP: No one else here, young lady. No, you're not a native, are you. There's a tint to your skin.
CHARLEY: It's called English Rose. I'm a traveller, Mister?
KEEP: Keep. Daqar Keep.
CHARLEY: Pollard. Charlotte Pollard. And I did have someone with me, only he's done a bunk at the first sign of trouble. Which is par for the course, I'm afraid. Are you trouble, Mister Keep?
KEEP: To some, not to other. You're the Doctor's little friend, I take it.
CHARLEY: You know the Doctor? Where is he?
KEEP: Around and about. I'm sure we'll bump into him, and maybe quite soon. We're on a hunt, you see.
CHARLEY: A hunt? Hunting what?
KEEP: Wild things. A bitch and a hound. They've worried the natives, so they need putting down.
CHARLEY: What, a herd of two-trunked elephants and an army of albinos all just for that?
KEEP: Oh, they're dangerous, Miss Pollard. Ever so savage. They've both known blood. Why, just today, one of them killed a girl much like you. No, no, no, we can't have you wandering about alone. You'll have to come with us.

Guidance. Guidance! Oh, he was here just a moment ago.
CHARLEY: Problem?
KEEP: Not at all. Can you climb on my howdah?
CHARLEY: How der?
KEEP: (laughs) Like this.
CHARLEY: Ah. Thank you.
KEEP: My pleasure. Very well, train. Advance!
(Elephants trumpet and move off.)
C'RIZZ: That's the way, Charlotte. Go off with the first man you find, heedless of caution. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Well, you won't catch me putting his head in the elephant's mouth. Oh no.
GUIDANCE: Very wise.
C'RIZZ: Who said that? Who's there?
GUIDANCE: Quiet, C'Rizz. Someone might hear you.
C'RIZZ: Where are you? And how do you know my? Oh, yes. Charlotte. Come on, then. Show yourself.
GUIDANCE: Through the bushes to your left. That's the way. Oh, but you have become faint-hearted.
C'RIZZ: I'm not afraid.
(Rustle of bushes.)
C'RIZZ: Still can't see you.
GUIDANCE: But what can you see, young C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: A pool. No, wait, it's a well. A well made of stone. There's writing here. Anoint ye here in the water of Foundation. But this is
GUIDANCE: Eutermesan script.
C'RIZZ: You! How can you be here?
GUIDANCE: I have always given you guidance. The script, C'Rizz. What else is it, hmm?
C'RIZZ: It's a Foundation text, from the Fifth Screed of the Histories. What's it doing here? The Foundation has never crossed beyond the Third Galaxy, and we're way past that. Unless? No. No, it can't be.
GUIDANCE: Go on.
C'RIZZ: Unless it's the original text, which makes this
GUIDANCE: The Place of the Foundation, the Garden of the Creator, from whence once life all descended. And where all things must one day return, for all things must die. What fates must have conspired to bring you and me here.
C'RIZZ: Guidance, I must know. I have to know. How is this possible?
GUIDANCE: All things are possible. I have tried to teach that, to Keep and Perfection.
C'RIZZ: Who?
GUIDANCE: You'll meet her. Perhaps. Right now her destiny's tied to your friend the Doctor.
C'RIZZ: You know where he is?
GUIDANCE: It was he who told me you were here. But he is irrelevant now. The Doctor is no longer part of your journey. He was only ever a means to bring you here swiftly. To bring you to me.
C'RIZZ: Hardly swift. It's been months. Do you know about
GUIDANCE: L'Da? Of course. I am sorry you had to go through that, but these tests we all must face.
C'RIZZ: Tests? Killing the woman I loved was a test?
GUIDANCE: A test of your devotion, your instincts, if you like, towards the Church of the Foundation. Taking that first step into the next life. Oh, I am so pleased to see you here, C'Rizz. To see you, my son.

[Part Four]

C'RIZZ: Father. Father, I cannot accept
GUIDANCE: But you must. The Eutermesans are a privileged race. To survive, to endure, the Creator gave us a marvellous gift. The gift of disguise. To make ourselves all but invisible to the brutish creatures of the forest, the desert, the

snowcaps or the sea. But far too many of our kind, they took this boon for granted, grew indolent in their security. You remember in the seminary how you would hone and practice these defences, changing not just your shade alone, but the very texture of your flesh.
C'RIZZ: I remember. And the most adept could make themselves indistinguishable from the stone of the seminary wall. That's why I couldn't see you back there in the jungle.
GUIDANCE: With devotion, with meditation, with practice and prayer, we transcend our own flesh. Oh, but C'Rizz, when we grow idle our gift works against us. Our skills become blunted, and worse, the most developed amongst us know that the Eutermesan may also absorb the behaviours of those who surround him. Thus a lone Eutermesan may prevail in the den of a lion by coming to growl in the ways of their kind. You, my son, your devotion is suspect. Too much time with this Doctor. It has addled, affected your thinking.
C'RIZZ: No, Father. I promise you, I remain devout.
GUIDANCE: And yet you have questioned me repeatedly in the few moments since we met. This will be for the best.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand, Father. What will?
GUIDANCE: This!
C'RIZZ: Argh! Ow! Father, you're hurting me!
GUIDANCE: Anoint ye in the waters of Foundation.
C'RIZZ: No!
(Big splash.)
C'RIZZ: (coughing) Father, please.
GUIDANCE: Drink ye of the waters of Foundation.
C'RIZZ: No!
(Splash!)
GUIDANCE: My son, you must be purged of these unruly alien thoughts. Oh, but this pains me more than it does you. Soon we'll be done.
(Splash as C'Rizz is let up, coughing.)
C'RIZZ: Please, Father.
(Gasps and splash again.)
GUIDANCE: Soon we'll be done. All of your thoughts will be unclouded again.

(Elephant trumpets.)
KEEP: Something there.
(Gunshot. Dogs bark.)
CHARLEY: What was that?
KEEP: Beaters?
CHARLEY: Was that one of them, the things you're hunting?
KEEP: Show me. Alas, it seems not.
CHARLEY: Wow. Jaguars don't have tusks where I come from.
KEEP: Really? Are they still dangerous? Heads in need of display on the clubhouse wall?
CHARLEY: Well, I'm not sure I approve of that, but
KEEP: Today, today we hunt the most dangerous game of all.
CHARLEY: Which is?
KEEP: You'll see. Forward!
(Elephant trumpets.)
CHARLEY: I never went in much for the hunt myself. Oh, I love the horses, and the jodhpurs, and the red coats and all that, but the whole business of the fox? Now, Peggy and Cissie, they were different. Cissie especially. My father blooded her when she was just thirteen. Her face was just caked in all this stuff, and she was laughing and laughing like it was the best thing in the world. Perhaps she changed then, or perhaps I did, but she never quite seemed the same again. Oh, hark at me, blethering on.
KEEP: (yawns) Oh, I'm sorry. Did you say something?
CHARLEY: Oh, just opening my heart to a total stranger. Is the Doctor far ahead then?
KEEP: I do believe the porters have picked up a trail. No, not too far ahead, I

fancy.
CHARLEY: Oh, thank Heaven for that. Travelling by jumbo may look ever so romantic, but the reality is it's making me positively seasick. Funny, I wouldn't have thought hunting was the Doctor's scene at all.
KEEP: No. Well, I think my wife has lead him astray.
CHARLEY: Oh, you're married. Oh, what is this, your honeymoon or something? Ah, how brilliant. Big game hunting in a bridal gown. I'm going to tell the man I marry that's for me.
KEEP: Yes, each to his own, but no, no, my honeymoon is long since over. So, who is he, your husband to be?
CHARLEY: Oh, silly. I haven't met him yet. I thought I might have, but only for a little while, mind. I got that wrong, didn't I?
KEEP: We're all slaves of passion. It's only when passion dies that we become our true selves.
CHARLEY: That sounds a bit grim. Not sure I want to be my true self. Not if it means being mis all the time.
KEEP: There! Now I'm afraid we'll have to dismount, Mademoiselle Pollard.
CHARLEY: Oh, Nellie's got a slow puncture, has she?
KEEP: It seems our game has gone into the mangrove swamp. We'll have to proceed on foot.
(Both jump down.)
CHARLEY: Well, my bottom won't complain, but my boots will never forgive me.
KEEP: It's not the water you have to worry about, it's the crocodiles.
CHARLEY: Crocodiles? What crocodiles?
(Cries from the natives.)
CHARLEY: Oh, those crocodiles.
KEEP: Come along.

(Wading through water and whispering.)
DOCTOR: Can't say I care for the looks those crocs are giving us.
PERFECTION: Well, apparently they've just eaten, so we'll be fine so long as we don't get them excited.
DOCTOR: I wasn't planning to put on a show.
PERFECTION: Good. Come on, there's the only ground here. Hand?
DOCTOR: Right. Well, we may be out of the water but we're still in it up to our necks. Still, the swamp should slow them down a bit.
PERFECTION: That's why I suggested it. Shirt, jacket and waistcoat, please.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
PERFECTION: Shirt, jacket and waistcoat off.
DOCTOR: Perfection, we've only just met.
PERFECTION: That's why I haven't asked for your trousers. Leeches, see?
DOCTOR: Oh, right. Tenacious types, aren't they.
PERFECTION: You don't notice them at first, then suddenly, whoops! Blood poisoning. Turn around.
DOCTOR: Ah!
PERFECTION: Sorry. There's more. Hold still.
DOCTOR: So, ah! So what brings your Church to this island, Perfection?
PERFECTION: It's not my Church, it's Keep's. And that's only cos he bought it.
DOCTOR: But I thought
PERFECTION: What, all those prayers and graces? He doesn't believe in it. Not really. He just says that stuff to keep Guidance on side. That, and it appeals to his vanity. You know, being the head of a Church.
DOCTOR: Yes, he's a man who doesn't like to be wrong.
PERFECTION: Ain't that the truth. This one's being difficult.
DOCTOR: Ow! So how did he buy it, the Church?
PERFECTION: With money. You can fund a lot of crusades with Keep's sort of money.
DOCTOR: So he's worth more than a few coffee mornings and the odd jumble sale.
PERFECTION: I'll say. He's the richest man in the galaxy. Come on, you didn't

think I married him for his personality. That's you done. Now me.
DOCTOR: Er.
PERFECTION: There's a zipper at the back.
DOCTOR: Oh, right. (sound of zipper)
PERFECTION: Come on, Doctor. I won't break. Ow!
DOCTOR: Sorry. So why did you marry him, if it's not a personal question.
PERFECTION: It is, but I don't mind you ow! asking. Thing is, when a man of Keep's power wants to marry you, you don't get too much choice in the matter.
DOCTOR: I see. Then why did he want to marry *you*?
PERFECTION: If you have to ask, you'll never know. I'm sorry. I can feel your cheeks burning my back.
DOCTOR: I think that's the lot.
PERFECTION: Thank you. Er, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Ah. (zipper noise) But to get back to my original question.
PERFECTION: What brings Keep to this island? Got to keep moving. I'll tell you on the way.

C'RIZZ: The Truth is the Foundation. All things are of the Foundation. The Truth is the Foundation and the Church. All things are of the Church. The Church is the Foundation and the Truth. This is the Truth. The Church is the Truth and the Foundation. (continues under -)
GUIDANCE: Poor boy. Poor wayward child. How long has your mind been polluted, invaded by unwanted desires, unnatural sensations. Your thoughts were as mine once, but I can barely touch you now. This then is the damage that passions can do. Had you stayed clean, had this L'Da not forced herself up on you, why, you could have been a Father of the Church yourself. Instead, oh, C'Rizz, look at you, a mewling. When you killed L'Da, when you put down your bride, did you call it noble, did you call it mercy? Or did you fear that your creed was asserting itself, controlling your actions? No, not these. My son, you were acting on impulse. The impulse that returned you to me. The impulse caused you to guide the Doctor's machine. I can see it now, see your fingers adjusting the controls as in a waking dream. Did you sense this place was your destiny, or just your destination? But you found the way, and that makes me proud. C'Rizz. C'Rizz!
C'RIZZ: Father. Father, there is much I cannot remember. My mind is filled up with heresies about tiddly-winks and adventuresses and Liverpool - Everton derbies. Fill me up with the teachings I have forgotten. This place, this Foundation. Please, Father, I need to remember if not to disgrace you. The refresher course, that's what the Doctor would say.
GUIDANCE: A refresher course. Very well. Listen closely, my son.

CHARLEY: Oh, come on. What's keeping you, Keep? I'm hot and damp and ow! being bitten.
KEEP: That way is no good. There's the taste of blood in the water. We'll have to go around the outside if we want to catch up with the Doctor.
CHARLEY: But, aren't we going to wait for the porters?
KEEP: The porters? Oh, there are plenty more where they came from.
CHARLEY: They're being eaten, Keep.
KEEP: Life is cheap. I've got deep pockets.
CHARLEY: Keep!
KEEP: Oh, they know what they're doing. Law of the jungle, you know. Eat or be eaten, kill or be killed.
(A man screams.)
KEEP: Oh, if that doesn't attract the rest of the pack. (sighs) Come along, my dear Charlotte.
CHARLEY: No. No! You've got a gun. You go back there and help.
KEEP: You are correct, I do have a gun. Don't make me point it at you.
CHARLEY: What's going on, Keep? What are you up to really, because if you're a missionary, I'm the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

KEEP: Maybe not so much a missionary, true, but I am a man on a mission. Move, Miss Pollard. Move, and I'll tell you what's going on.

PERFECTION: It's like this, Doctor. One day a new world was detected traversing a galaxy eight removed from our own.
DOCTOR: So there' s just the nine in this universe?
PERFECTION: No. I don't know. Doesn't matter. A small blue planet rotating in its own unique orbit. At first it seemed to be of no real consequence, but its passing was a portent of disaster.
GUIDANCE: No one knows what really happened, my son. The planet passed by a thousand million miles from Galactic Central point. All was well.
C'RIZZ: Except it wasn't.
GUIDANCE: Almost overnight, the seven worlds of that galaxy died. Crops withered, oceans dried. All life became suddenly untenable. It was like the entire system had succumbed to old age, or reverted to its primordial youth.
CHARLEY: What, just because of a blue planet? How?
KEEP: A catastrophic pole shift, perhaps, caused by the pull of the planet? Cosmic radiation? Or was it just diseased? Whatever the truth, the same happened in the next galaxy, and the next.
PERFECTION: And all the time this small blue planet tumbled on through space. In the fifth galaxy, the Tresillians foresaw the destruction of their entire empire, and trained a vast arsenal of plutronic warheads on the errant world.
GUIDANCE: All of them melted down, went critical, somewhere five million miles short of their target.
KEEP: And so the Tresillians fled to the next galaxy, the fourth, flooding the smaller system with refugees. War and anarchy resulted. The small blue planet didn't care, its passing extinguishing that galaxy too.
PERFECTION: In the third galaxy, the Eutermesans looked to the end of their civilisation just ten or twenty generations hence.
GUIDANCE: They remembered old legends of a Foundation planet, a lodestone from which all life in the universe had originated.
KEEP: In the second galaxy, a cadre of scientists wondered if their salvation might not lie in a colossal moving platform, designed to outrun the blue planet. It was to store a selection of all the species.
PERFECTION: Their neighbours, the Eutermesans, watched as the scientists developed their great platform, the Crucible world, Bortresoye, and they thought
GUIDANCE: This is wrong. If all life was descended from the long-lost Foundation planet, if all life was granted by the Foundation planet, then all life was at its mercy.
KEEP: The Eutermesans became crazed and zealous, obsessed with the idea that the blue planet was itself the hand of some unknown Creator.
GUIDANCE: The Creator who sent the blue planet to seed them with life, and then returned it a billion or more summers hence to cull all it had created.
PERFECTION: But why should such a thing exist? Why had the Creator made the planet return?
KEEP: Slowly a new idea took root amongst the scientists of the Crucible world, that this was the way life has always been. That the universe itself was a self-governing entity.
PERFECTION: Creating life, then cutting it back. Creating life, then cutting it back. No one species could ever dominate the cosmos.
GUIDANCE: Perhaps the Creator feared a challenger?
KEEP: Or perhaps the planet was the boon of a long-extinct species, who knew from bitter experience that, unchecked, development could only ever descend into horror and nightmare. The fate of Bortresoye being such an example.
GUIDANCE: The Eutermesan theory became a cause, then a creed, a Church, of the Foundation.
KEEP: The scientists too now had a crusade, to break with this unending cycle, to defeat the Creator's design. To diverge from His plan. Mere evolution was surely too slow. The planet would always forestall it.
GUIDANCE: The Creator's challenger could not naturally arise, and so these

Divergents began their experiments. What made them think they could ever succeed, that I cannot say.
PERFECTION: Perhaps they knew something the Eutermesans didn't. Perhaps they had a secret insight into the workings of the universe.
KEEP: Perhaps something from outside gave them a clue. Something or someone.
CHARLEY: Rassilon.
C'RIZZ: Rassilon.
DOCTOR: Rassilon.
KEEP: Whatever the truth, one day their experiments bore fruit.
GUIDANCE: A creature was forged in the test tubes of the Crucible world.
PERFECTION: Something which perceived the hidden workings of the universe.
KEEP: Something with true insight into the life beyond. It gave a word to this insight, and that word was
GUIDANCE: That word was
PERFECTION: That word was
DOCTOR: Time. How can a universe not have Time? It can't. Of course, people are born, live and die, planets turn around stars, night follows day follows night. But in a universe where some celestial machine is programmed to turn about the whole cosmos, creating and decreating and creating again, well, there is no Time, is there. Not in the wider sense. How can a Tardis anchor itself to a vortex when all time is a never ending cycle? How can any point in the existence of this universe be uniquely fixed? How can it have coordinates? This moment, now, this breath of wind, this rustling of branches, this insect here tumbling off this tree into the forest canopy, how many times has this happened before? Twice? Twenty? Three hundred, four thousand, five million, a billion and beyond? I get it now. I understand. Yes! Yes, I understand it now.
PERFECTION: Doctor, not so loud. They're still hunting us, yes?
DOCTOR: Sorry, I just had a eureka moment. Maybe for the billionth time, who knows? Oh no, not me, not me, or Rassilon. We're different. We're unique to this universe. And what about this thing from the test tube on Bortresoye? How does that fit in?
PERFECTION: Well, it escaped the Divergents, it fled to the next galaxy, my home galaxy.
DOCTOR: Well, it would, wouldn't it? They call themselves the Divergents, but they were still part of this system. The creature they made, that was the true Divergent, and it would have known that it could never break with the cycle, not while it was controlled by beings who were part of the whole remorseless tick tock of existence. Silly Divergents. Was that why they wanted me and the Tardis? Was that what they were doing? Seeing how a random alien element would affect the development of life? The Sound creature, the Kromon progeny, the alien found living in the caves of Setarus, Landscar, all of them evolving beings, all of them somehow changed by my arrival. Perhaps there were more, and I never realised. But nothing worked, not like before, not like the first creature. It went to your home galaxy, you say.
PERFECTION: It did.
DOCTOR: And what did they make of it, in your galaxy? How did it appear to them? Was it a monster, or was it an angel? Corrupt and repulsive, or a god. Or a goddess. Something
PERFECTION: Perfect.

CHARLEY: Up ahead, Keep. Something there, on the ground.
KEEP: Well spotted, dear Charlotte. My, I do believe it's a body.
CHARLEY: It's the Doctor. Oh, let go, Keep!
(Goes forward.)
KEEP: Well?
CHARLEY: Oh, thank Heaven. It's all right, it's just his coat.
KEEP: Oh.
CHARLEY: It's soaking wet. He must have left it behind.
KEEP: Yes, unless the crocodile spat it out.

CHARLEY: You know, Keep, I'm not sure you're anyone's friend, least of all the Doctor's.
KEEP: He stole my wife.
CHARLEY: Oh, come off it, Keep. The Doctor? Do you actually know him?
KEEP: He stole her heart. He stole Perfection. That's why
CHARLEY: That's why you're hunting him. Oh, the woman on the viewscreen. Oh, Charlotte, how could you have been so stupid.
KEEP: Yes, yes, that's who we're hunting. And they'll pay. They'll pay for what they've done to me. They can't be far away now. The evidence suggests he's heading east.
CHARLEY: Who are you, Keep? Really, I mean.
KEEP: Later, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: There's something at the back of my mind, niggling at me. I believe we've met before.
KEEP: What are you going on about now?
CHARLEY: You, me, the past. Oh, where?
KEEP: Where what?
CHARLEY: Where did we meet?
KEEP: We haven't. I can honestly say that I've never laid eyes on you before.
CHARLEY: I'm not sure I believe you.
KEEP: To be quite honest, ma petite, I don't care what you think. My prey is ahead. I can smell him.
CHARLEY: And why do I think you mean that. Literally, that is.
KEEP: My senses are acute. Sight, hearing, smell, taste and yes, touch. All superior to you, and him.
CHARLEY: Why are you doing this? I seriously doubt the Doctor truly has designs upon your wife.
KEEP: She's but the bait. He possesses what we all seek.
CHARLEY: Which is?
KEEP: Access to the Truth, Miss Pollard. The past, the future, the present.
CHARLEY: The past, the pr. You mean Time. You understand Time?
KEEP: Intriguing, isn't it? For a universe that lacks linear time I have a secret of. What are you doing, girl?
CHARLEY: I'm going through his pockets, what does it look like. Come on, Doctor, you always have the kitchen sink in here. Ooo. Ah, this'll do. Right, get back, Keep, or I'll blind you with this Gallifreyan Death Hurler.
KEEP: It is a child's catapult.
CHARLEY: It's a Gallifreyan Death Hurler and I'm a crack shot. It's like this, Mister Keep. I've got three humbugs, one pear drop and two gobstoppers already in the sling. Now the humbugs, they're going to stick, the pear drop, well, that's going to hurt, but the gobstoppers, they'll have your eyes out. The question is, can you load that shotgun before I hit you with this sweet shop? Well?
KEEP: My gun's already loaded, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Oh, ah!
(Thud, gunshot. Keep screams.)
CHARLEY: Oh! Oh, golly, I'm sorry, Keep.
KEEP: (in pain) I shot myself in the foot. Is it, is it bad, Miss Pollard?
CHARLEY: Er, oh, it's a mess. There's nothing left. It's all just, I don't know, gristle or something. Oh, Keep, we've got to get help. Porters! Porters!
KEEP: (laughs) Oh, don't. Don't worry them, Miss Charlotte. You see, I can always (effort) grow another.
CHARLEY: W - w - what are you, Keep?
KEEP: Angry.
(Charley screams and runs.)
KEEP: Go on, run, Miss Pollard. Run. You won't get far. Not in the marshlands.

PERFECTION: Can't even see the path now.
DOCTOR: These mists are a nuisance, but they're not so bad once your eyes adjust. They have hallucinogenic fogs on the fourth moon of Quaxig, you know.

Now they adjust your eyes, and that's not good at all.
PERFECTION: Oh! Oh, I nearly fell.
DOCTOR: It's all right, I've got you.
PERFECTION: You have, haven't you. I'll just cling on to you, if it's all the same.
DOCTOR: You really can't see a thing, can you?
PERFECTION: I'm not alone. The albinos keep well clear. They say no one ever went into these marshes and came out the other side.
DOCTOR: Tell me now, why don't you.
PERFECTION: Does it matter when you're managing okay? Guidance was supposed to find a way around them but, you know, I don't think he tried all that hard.
DOCTOR: So let me get this straight. This is the strange blue planet, yes? The harbinger of gloom to all the galaxy.
PERFECTION: Right.
DOCTOR: And Keep, he wants to stop it. He wants to know what it is about it that causes it to alter or change the planets it passes.
PERFECTION: Right.
DOCTOR: But this planet is sacred to Guidance. It's the Hand of the Creator, so he won't want Keep messing with it, will he?
PERFECTION: Well, he's not got much choice. Keep is the head of the Church. Guidance has to obey him. But Guidance is the keeper of these ancient texts and maps and stuff, and no one else can read them.
DOCTOR: Ah, so they both need each other.
PERFECTION: Yeah. Keep can't kick Guidance's ass, not if he wants to get to the heart of the island. That's where, you know, the place of the Foundation is supposed to be. If this world has a secret, that's where it is.
DOCTOR: Guidance won't allow Keep to find that, surely?
PERFECTION: No, he won't. That's why Guidance has been leading us around in circles ever since we arrived. I don't know if Keep's worked that out yet, but, you know, I'm not sure he much cares. Keep figures that so long as he's here, he's safe. And if the whole galaxy gets rearranged, if everyone else in the universe dies, well, if Supreme Being Keep survives, if Supreme Being Keep breeds
DOCTOR: Breeds.
PERFECTION: You get it now? Me. I'm the perfect woman. He wants to make me the Eve to his Adam.
DOCTOR: Interesting analogy.
PERFECTION: Repopulate the universe in his own image. Yeah, that'd suit his ego. The thing is, it's not right, is it? I mean, if you knew that everything and every one was going to die, you'd do what you could to save them.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I suppose you would.
PERFECTION: Thats why, when you met me, I was doing my own survey. There's something here, Doctor. Something that makes what this planet does happen. All I needed was hope. Someone ready and willing and (pause) able. And then when you got washed up, well, I thought, perhaps there's something in this God stuff after all. You know, my hero.
DOCTOR: I'm no hero, Perfection.
PERFECTION: No? You look like one to me. And you know what else, Doctor? If it comes to it, and we don't find the secret. If I've got to do what's expected, repopulate the universe, bring the next life about, well, I'll tell you for nothing. It won't be Keep I'll be doing it with.

[Part Five]

DOCTOR: I see. Do I get a say in this?
PERFECTION: What do you think?
DOCTOR: I think. I think I can hear Keep and his elephants getting closer, and I think we should keep moving.
(Boom.)
DOCTOR: See?

PERFECTION: Life's what you make it, Doctor. Literally.
DOCTOR: Come on. Move.

CHARLEY: (breathless) Must keep going. Find the Doctor. Warn him.
KEEP [OC]: We have an added prey, men. Find the Pollard girl, preferably before the crocodiles do.
CHARLEY: Your concern is touching, Monsieur Keep, I must say.
KEEP [OC]: Forward!
(Elephants trumpet.)
CHARLEY: (sotto) C'Rizz, C'Rizz, are you're about? Oh, blast him. Oh, oh, right. Okay, this way.
(Small scream and deep squelching noise.)
CHARLEY: Quicksand! Oh, God. Okay, don't panic, Charley. If you thrash about, you get pulled under quicker. But if I don't do something, I'll go under anyway. C'Rizz? C'Rizz? Doctor? Oh! Okay. Mustn't panic. Think, Charley, think.

GUIDANCE: So tell me more of your travels, my son. Tell me of the man you have become. Tell me of the man who has abandoned his past live, his Eutermesan principles. Tell me of the man who has turned his back on the Church of the Foundation.
C'RIZZ: That's not fair.
GUIDANCE: Not fair?
C'RIZZ: I didn't choose to, to move on. It was the Kromon. Well, you know. You were there when they attacked. L'Da and I believed you were dead.
GUIDANCE: You didn't check. On me, on your mother, your brother.
C'RIZZ: I, I, I, er no.
GUIDANCE: It's not too late, however. Together we can go to the Church, pray together, relearn what you have temporarily forgotten.
C'RIZZ: The Church? I don't understand.
GUIDANCE: The Church of the Foundation is here.
C'RIZZ: Who built a church here?
GUIDANCE: Not *a* church, *the* Church. This, my son, is it. This is the planet where it all began.
C'RIZZ: The. You mean the *original* Church is here? Well, how did you find it?
GUIDANCE: I didn't. It was Keep. His mission, if you like. He contacted me, encouraged me to come with him. He supplied the men, the animals, his wife. He even had the coordinates for this planet.
C'RIZZ: The blue planet you spoke of earlier. It's this, isn't it.
GUIDANCE: Of course. It's arrival was fortuitous, as was yours.
C'RIZZ: And the Doctor. He was brought here by Rassilon.
GUIDANCE: Who?
C'RIZZ: Oh, never mind. Everything has been brought here. Father, I believe I understand more than you.
GUIDANCE: If that were the case, you would be Guidance, not I.
C'RIZZ: No, seriously, I mean it. We're all taking part in someone else's game. Not yours or the Doctor's, or this Keep person's. No, Rassilon's manipulating all this. But why? What would he want with the Church of the Foundation? Oh. Oh, that's good.
GUIDANCE: What is?
C'RIZZ: Nothing you'd appreciate, Father, believe me. No one's going to appreciate this.

DOCTOR: Your friend Guidance is from the Church of the Foundation, and Keep has employed him to find the Church, and Guidance said something about all things having to die, which is a phrase I've heard before. I take it there has to be a significance to all of this.
PERFECTION: I don't know. Why? What?
DOCTOR: It's as if a whole series of threads, all starting with different balls of

wool are coming together at this, a nexus.
PERFECTION: There's always
DOCTOR: Yes?
PERFECTION: Well, the moonstone, I guess.
DOCTOR: What, C'Rizz's piece of jewellery? Why would Keep want that? Oh.
PERFECTION: Yeah. Not Keep, Guidance.
DOCTOR: Ah. Okay, so he wants C'Rizz's moonstone. Perhaps it holds some significance to the Eutermesan faith. C'Rizz is, was, a monk.
PERFECTION: Listen, I haven't a clue what the significance might be. I'm just grasping at straws. Ignore me.
DOCTOR: No, no, you may be on to something. Women's intuition and all that. Vastly underrated, I always think. So do most women I've met, too.
PERFECTION: Oh? Known a lot of women, have we?
DOCTOR: One or twenty.
PERFECTION: Twenty?
DOCTOR: At a guess. Oh no. No, no. no, not like that.
PERFECTION: Right.
DOCTOR: Honestly.
PERFECTION: And this Charley girl.
DOCTOR: Charley. Oh, no. She's just a friend. The very best kind, but er, but still just a friend.
PERFECTION: Good. Wouldn't want the competition. Not out here, in the big scary jungle.
DOCTOR: Perfection, I really don't think that the whole Adam and Eve thing is going to happen between us. I'm sorry.
PERFECTION: We'll see. What was that?
DOCTOR: What was what?
CHARLEY [OC]: Stupid!
PERFECTION: That.
DOCTOR: Well, speak of the devil.
PERFECTION: You what?
DOCTOR: That, I believe, is Charley. Came from that way.
PERFECTION: Doctor, wait! What, what about? Damn the man. Wait up!

C'RIZZ: And you found the Church when?
GUIDANCE: I examined it some days ago. I was doing a recce, seeing if there was a safe passage through these marshlands.
C'RIZZ: But you didn't tell Keep.
GUIDANCE: I saw no need to alert him to its existence just yet. I wanted to be sure, you see.
C'RIZZ: Sure of what?
GUIDANCE: That it is the true Church, *the* Church.
C'RIZZ: It's our way out.
GUIDANCE: Way out? Why would it be a way out? You disappoint me, my son. I hoped, I believed, that you would have been as excited at this discovery as I. It seems I was wrong, that your travels with the Doctor have closed rather than broadened your mind.
C'RIZZ: The Church of the Foundation is your obsession, not mine. Not any more.
GUIDANCE: But it's what I've been searching for. It's what brought me here. Why I allied myself with creatures as foul as Keep and Perfection. Life began here, my son, and to here all shall return.
C'RIZZ: And I don't want to set up home here, Father. I don't want to live here, I want to go with the Doctor and Charlotte.

CHARLEY: Okay, come on. Slow movements.
DOCTOR: [OC]: Charley?
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor! Doctor, I'm (squelch) Hurry, I'm sinking!
DOCTOR: Nearly there.
CHARLEY: I ruddy well hope so.

DOCTOR: There you are. Oh, that's a pretty pickle you're in.
CHARLEY: Oh, thanks for nothing, Doctor. Any chance you could help me out?
PERFECTION: Quicksand. Not many people get out of that alive.
CHARLEY: Oh, and who's your cheery chum?
DOCTOR: Charley, this is Perfection.
CHARLEY: Doesn't look like much to me.
DOCTOR: Now, now. Reach out and take this.
CHARLEY: Oh, is it strong enough?
PERFECTION: It's connected to that tree there. I think it'll even hold your weight.
CHARLEY: Oi!
DOCTOR: That's it, that's it. Well done. Come on, come on, bit further.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm nearly there.
(Big quicksand sucking sound.)
PERFECTION: Oh, for Heaven's sake. Give me your other hand, Charley.
CHARLEY: I'm all right, thank you. I can manage.
PERFECTION: Looks like it.
DOCTOR: Nearly there, nearly there. Yes.
(Last big squelch. Charley panting.)
CHARLEY: Oh, thank you. I don't mind telling you that was really rather awful.
PERFECTION: The jungle can be dangerous to the uninitiated.
DOCTOR: We're being chased, Charley.
CHARLEY: Yes, by the jealous husband of Miss Perfect here.
PERFECTION: Er, that's Perfection?
CHARLEY: Yes, I'm sure. Oh, you know what? I haven't got the energy. Can we get away from here, please? Keep isn't far away.
(Elephant trumpets.)
PERFECTION: Come on, let's head east.
DOCTOR: Good to see you, Charley.
CHARLEY: You too. Oh, and Doctor? Thanks.

KEEP: Not far now, men. (deep sniff) Yes, yes. That way, I believe. Forward! A good chase, Monsieur Doctor, but no one can outwit Daqar Keep for very long.

(In an echoing place.)
GUIDANCE: I don't have my moonstone.
C'RIZZ: Well, you must have.
GUIDANCE: Where is yours?
C'RIZZ: I gave it to the Doctor. What about yours?
GUIDANCE: Keep took it for safe keeping. I was a fool to trust him. I believe Perfection stole it.
C'RIZZ: Does it matter right now? Why are we down here?
GUIDANCE: Oh, C'Rizz, C'Rizz, you really don't understand. Place the two moonstones together and what do you have?
C'RIZZ: A bigger pendant?
GUIDANCE: Did you never examine it, look at the markings? The two fit together. They form a key.
C'RIZZ: A key to what?
GUIDANCE: Well, what does one usually have a key for?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. To open a door?
GUIDANCE: Yes! Or to ensure it remains locked forever.

PERFECTION: Here we are.
CHARLEY: Here we are what? It's just a circle of stones with a slab of rock in the centre. Ooo, what's beneath? A secret passage leading to a strange underground?
PERFECTION: I wouldn't expect you to come up with anything intelligent.
DOCTOR: Charley has a point, Perfection. That rock is highly incongruous. Manufactured, even, like
CHARLEY: A manhole cover.

DOCTOR: Er, yeah. Yeah, I suppose so.
PERFECTION: Whatever. We got here first, that's what matters. We've won.
CHARLEY: Won? Won what?
PERFECTION: The race. We got here before Keep, before Guidance. I knew you could do it, Doctor. Keep was right about you.
DOCTOR: He's not really been hunting us at all, has he.
CHARLEY: Is this some kind of trap?
DOCTOR: No, more a rounding-up, I'd say. He's been gently easing us towards here.
CHARLEY: Gently?
DOCTOR: Oh, all right, maybe not that gently, but with precision.
CHARLEY: Why? I mean, what's the point of all this?
GUIDANCE: It is because of that, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Guidance! Well, looks like we lost, Perfection. Guidance got here first. What do we get, the runners-up prize? A silver medal?
GUIDANCE: Look at it, Doctor. It is magnificent.
PERFECTION: The Church of the Foundation.
DOCTOR: Really? Here? This is where your faith began, Guidance?
GUIDANCE: And from where it shall be reborn. We shall spread out, sending the word throughout the galaxies.
CHARLEY: Is that the plan? To set up a new powerbase down underground? Oh, can we go and have a look? I love spooky old tunnels and caverns, you know.
GUIDANCE: And you are?
CHARLEY: Here we go again. My name is
DOCTOR: Guidance, this is Charley, Edwardian Adventuress, yada yada. Charley, this is Guidance, spiritual leader of the Church of the Foundation, yada yada. Okay? All right, everyone familiar with who's who? Good. Now
CHARLEY: The Church of the Foundation?
DOCTOR: That's right, Charlotte, and we are just Tourists, remember?
CHARLEY: Ooo. Oh yes, of course. Absolutely, Doctor. Er, hello, Guidance. Awfully nice to meet you. Does Keep have your head on a stick too?
PERFECTION: Probably. He doesn't like many people.
DOCTOR: Why?
PERFECTION: I don't know. I never asked.
CHARLEY: No, just married him and hoped for the best.
PERFECTION: You're so charming, Charley. Doctor, Charley is so charming. You do like your pets, don't you.
CHARLEY: If I weren't such a well brought up young lady, I'd tell you where you could shove your charm
PERFECTION: If you weren't such a stuck up prig with a nose higher in the air than one of those tree tops over there, you'd see that he doesn't need you any more.
CHARLEY: If I weren't such a well brought up young lady, I'd recognise you for the type of lady that you really are.
PERFECTION: Oh? And what type is that, little Miss Cheesecake?
DOCTOR: Ladies! Good to see you getting on so well. Swapping recipes and make up tips? Marvellous.
GUIDANCE: If I may answer the young lady's question. I needed Keep's resources, but his goal never interested me. You have to understand. This is where it all started, to where it must return.
DOCTOR: Another reminder of the cyclical aspect of this universe. All things must die. It's what Landscar said about the nature of Bortresoye, and it's what you said about the Church. Or is it about the whole universe, perhaps? Endless repetition.
GUIDANCE: All life started here, and it will end here, and then it will begin again.
PERFECTION: No! Not this time, Guidance. This time the circle must be broken. This is my last chance.
GUIDANCE: Your last chance, Perfection? No. The Church must go on. Life must go on. We must be born again.

DOCTOR: Strictly speaking, the Foundation isn't a religion, is it, Guidance.
C'RIZZ: It is far more than that, Doctor.
DOCTOR: There's your manhole cover, Charley. C'Rizz! Delighted to see you! Been checking out the altar down there, dusting the pews? I do hope you've not pilfered the candelabra.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, this place represents my life's work. My search, my reason for joining you.
CHARLEY: And we thought you liked the company. Tell me, C'Rizz. Was it worth it?
C'RIZZ: The journey? The friendship I made with you, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: No. The betrayal.
GUIDANCE: I must thank you, Doctor. You have brought my son home to me, safely.
DOCTOR: Your son? Now that is a turn up for the books. Now, this betrayal business.
(Elephant trumpets.)
PERFECTION: Listen. I can hear Keep. We should hide.

KEEP: Ladies and gentlemen, the hunt is over. The trap is sprung. I thank you all for guiding me here, and now that the Church is in our, or rather, in my grasp, I would thank you all to move away and allow me access. Sole access, of course.
DOCTOR [OC]: And why would we do that, Keep?
KEEP: I can be most persuasive.

DOCTOR: Perfection, what can Keep do?
PERFECTION: He is unlike any man you've met.
CHARLEY: Doctor
DOCTOR: Hang on, Charley. (loud) Keep, old chap, there's one, two, three, er, five of us here, versus just you.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
PERFECTION: Oh, quit yapping, girl, and let them talk.
CHARLEY: You know, don't you.
PERFECTION: Know what?
CHARLEY: About Keep's power.
DOCTOR: Power, Charley?
CHARLEY: That's what I'm trying to tell you. Earlier, he shot himself in the foot.
DOCTOR: Figuratively or literally?
CHARLEY: Quite literally, and so he grew himself a new one.
DOCTOR: Grew?
CHARLEY: Grew, there and then. Big squelchy noise and voila! One new foot.
KEEP [OC]: Surrender my wife, Doctor, and Guidance, and give me unrestricted access to the Church.
DOCTOR: Or?
(Booms.)
DOCTOR: Perfection, look out.
KEEP [OC]: Plenty more of those, Doctor.
CHARLEY: Look!
DOCTOR: Where are these coming from?
(More booms.)
CHARLEY: Perhaps we should give him what he wants. Perhaps she could go back to him.
DOCTOR: I agree, Charley. That was a nice suggestion, you know, and
CHARLEY: The lions and tigers and things, they're circling around us.
DOCTOR: Driving us. Driving us towards your manhole cover, Charley.
KEEP [OC]: Monsieur Doctor, this is Daqar Keep.
DOCTOR: Really. I'd never have guessed.
KEEP [OC]: Doctor, return my wife to me.
PERFECTION: No way!
DOCTOR: The lady has made her choice, Keep.

KEEP [OC]: Please, you are a man of rationality and good sense. What use is Perfection to you?
DOCTOR: Tell me, Keep. I can see why Guidance wants the Church. Why do you?
KEEP [OC]: A resolution, Doctor.
PERFECTION: He's lying.
DOCTOR: Is he? Or are you?
PERFECTION: Doctor! Of course not. Why would I?
DOCTOR: Why would he?
KEEP [OC]: Are you still there?
CHARLEY: If you want us, Keep, come and get us!
(Animals snarl.)
DOCTOR: Charley, that may not have been wise.
PERFECTION: What are waiting for? Let's get underground.
DOCTOR: All right. You and Charley first.
CHARLEY: Come on!
DOCTOR: One, two. Down, now!

(Thud of stone slab.)
PERFECTION: Safe at last.
DOCTOR: With such as Keep about, hope. What's he got with him, an army?
CHARLEY: Doctor, that sound..
DOCTOR: Yes, it's really quite. Oh.
CHARLEY: It's the noise the Divergents made, back on Gallifrey, as they tried to break into our reality.
PERFECTION: Now what does that suggest to you?
CHARLEY: Oh, you think you're so high and mighty, so superior.
PERFECTION: I am. They didn't call me Perfection for nothing, you know.
CHARLEY: Who didn't?
PERFECTION: Ah. My secret. Tell me, Doctor, do you know why we're here?
CHARLEY: No, he doesn't, but I'm sure you do. You've manipulated him long enough.
PERFECTION: Charley, sweetheart, you're letting your hormones show.
DOCTOR: Her point is valid, Perfection. You engineered this. My escape into the jungle away from Keep, with you at my side, and now down here. May I ask why?
PERFECTION: Because of this.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz's moonstone.
PERFECTION: No.
DOCTOR: Guidance's moonstone, then. Stolen?
PERFECTION: Possibly. All I know is that Keep took it from the Eutermesan. For safe keeping, he said. May I have yours, to see if they fit together?
DOCTOR: I don't see why not.
CHARLEY: Doctor, you can't trust her
DOCTOR: It's a medallion, Charley. That's all it is.
PERFECTION: Thank you, Doctor. Actually, it's not. It's a key. And when I saw that you had the other half, I knew we had to get away from Keep. To come here, to open the door.
DOCTOR: The door? The door to where?
CHARLEY: Well, back home, obviously. Back to our universe.
DOCTOR: How'd you work that one out?
CHARLEY: I, er. Rassilon told me.
DOCTOR: Did he really? And when was this?
CHARLEY: Long story.
DOCTOR: I can't wait to hear it.
PERFECTION: Does it matter?
CHARLEY + DOCTOR: Yes!
PERFECTION: Point is, she's right, Doctor. The door is down here in the crypt that was once the Church of the Foundation.
CHARLEY: Persistent, aren't they?

PERFECTION: They? No, just him.
DOCTOR: Just Keep? Keep is a Divergent?
PERFECTION: No, he's an experiment gone wrong.
(Crash! The angry noise stops.)
KEEP: Merci. Thank you for getting us here. My moonstone, if you please.
PERFECTION: I don't know what you mean, Keep.
(Squelch.)
DOCTOR: Merci de voi la shape monstrueux magique contre nous.
(I think. Any French speakers help out?)
DOCTOR: Dites-moi, du sont il la pas?
KEEP: From within, Doctor. The tigers and lions, the elephants, the porters, all an extension of myself.
DOCTOR: A piece, oozed out whenever it suits, like that girl Jembere-Bud, remade to spy on us. Very impressive, Keep. Can you do us a penguin? I've always liked penguins.
CHARLEY: Or a seal, ark, ark, ark (whilst clapping)
DOCTOR: Mmm, someone give that girl a fish.
KEEP: Oh. The key, Perfection.
PERFECTION: Forget it, Keep.
KEEP: I will not be denied, woman!
DOCTOR: Bring on half of Whipsnade, if you like. You won't get your way just by shouting.
CHARLEY: What do you want with this stupid key anyway?
KEEP: Why, I want to go home, just like you.

(Watching on a monitor.)
KRO'KA: No, no, no. It's getting out of hand, Rassi. My lord.
RASSILON: Far from it, Kro'Ka. It's just getting interesting.
KRO'KA: Where is your traitor? This plan, it's failed. (screams)
RASSILON: Watch, Kro'Ka. Watch and learn.
KEEP [OC]: Just like you.

CHARLEY: I don't understand.
KEEP: Oh, Mademoiselle Pollard, I thought you said that you knew me.
DOCTOR: I'm beginning to think I know why. How is it, Keep, that in a universe wholly divorced from our own, you should speak fluent French? You did learn it fluently, didn't you, Charley, from your Uncle Jacques, yes?
CHARLEY: Yes, but. Oh, my God.
DOCTOR: When we first arrived in this universe, we were inside a giant test tube of some sort. Evolving, regressing, evolving again.
KEEP: One of the Divergents' endless experiments.
DOCTOR: We began to evolve, but it stopped, and we pulled apart, remember?
CHARLEY: You're saying that Keep, he's what you and I would have become if we'd stayed joined?
KEEP: Exactly. Say hello to your own potential, Miss Pollard.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. So why did the Divergents let you live? Why didn't they flush you away?
KEEP: The Divergents? Oh, they aged and withered, and passed on. They never even saw you revert back. But I followed you out, found my way to their lair and absorbed everything. Their knowledge, their skills. And you, Doctor, you changed things, brought fresh ideas, new concepts in. You had to stay, survive, so that I could bring you here and open the door.
C'RIZZ: Why? Why do you need the door opened?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, so this is where you skulked to.
CHARLEY: You didn't desert us at all.
KEEP: Ah, and Guidance. Père et fils, réunis. Has it been a joyous reunion?
GUIDANCE: My son asked you a question, Keep.
DOCTOR: And a reasonable one. Answer him, there's a good zoo.
KEEP: I have already absorbed the dominant species in this universe. It is my destiny to absorb the dominant species in the next, and the next, and the next. I

shall keep all life. I shall hold all life, I shall be all life.
DOCTOR: Er, why?
KEEP: For safe keeping. Evolution is the cruellest device. You, Doctor, you left me behind, left me to die. And how many like me go extinct every day? It has always been so. With the dinosaurs, with the Quagga, the sabre-toothed tiger.
CHARLEY: Now I've heard everything. The revenge of Noah's ark. I suppose, Doctor, this means Rassilon was right.
DOCTOR: How do you mean, Charley?
CHARLEY: Well, to lock the Divergents away.
DOCTOR: He couldn't have known. That thing was you and I once, remember, and we'd never have been here at all if Rassilon hadn't stalled the Divergent's development. There are nine galaxies here. How many billions of lives does that make? I suppose this moon was his creation, touring the universe, keeping it stuck in a timeless loop. I've got this theory. It's like a processing plant. It sucks up life through the volcano, refines it, filters it, separates it into its constituent parts, then expels it back in its original form. Sorry, am I being boring?
CHARLEY: Very.
GUIDANCE: Enough of this heresy. Doctor, have your whore surrender the moonstone.
PERFECTION: Is he talking to me?
CHARLEY: If the cap fits.
KEEP: Give me back my property.
GUIDANCE: It was never yours, Keep. It has passed through the Church through generation after generation after generation of the truly devout.
DOCTOR: Popular item, this moonstone. We should stick it on eBay. It could make us a fortune.
GUIDANCE: You, Keep, you are an abhorrence, a travesty of life that escaped its abortion.
KEEP: A travesty? (laughs) No more Mister Nice Guy, I think.
(Squelch, high pitched cries.)
PERFECTION: Vultures now. Great.
GUIDANCE: Back, you filthy creatures. Back! I command, go back. For the last
DOCTOR: Stop them, Keep.
KEEP: Don't you worry, Doctor. Your eyeballs will be next.
(Particle beam. Keep screams and falls.)
DOCTOR: Interesting device that, C'Rizz. A particle wave disseminator of some sort. That's very handy. Wherever did you get it?
CHARLEY: Yes, C'Rizz. Where'd you get it? Who gave it to you?
C'RIZZ: Doctor, Charlotte, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
(Particle beam. Everyone cries out in pain.)
C'RIZZ: I wish I didn't have to take it from you, Miss Perfection, but what this moonstone means to me is more than you can imagine.
PERFECTION: I, I doubt that, Eutermesan.
(Particle beam. She screams.)
GUIDANCE: I am so proud of you, my son. In the end, in the end, you have proved yourself worthy of the Church. Worthy of my faith. Worthy of all we believe in.
C'RIZZ: Believe in? Believe in? I don't believe in your Church of the Foundation, Father. It's a prison, a stick to beat me with.
GUIDANCE: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: A stick you beat me with too often.
GUIDANCE: I care not. I see the light now. Even with no eyes, I can see the light. I was, I am, justified. (long exhale.)
C'RIZZ: All things must die.
DOCTOR: Well done, C'Rizz. I'm sorry it had to come to this, but I knew you'd come through in the end.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I'd not betray you to my father, not to his Church and their lunatic zealots.
DOCTOR: No, of course not. You're a true friend, C'Rizz. I know that. I've always known.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, there's something I. What I mean to say is, I
DOCTOR: C'Rizz?
(Particle beam. All scream.)
CHARLEY: Oh, haven't you worked it out yet, Doctor? He has betrayed us.
DOCTOR: Betrayed? What's going on, C'Rizz? What's all this about?
C'RIZZ: You don't get it, do you. Either of you. Only Keep understands. And Perfection, I imaging.
PERFECTION: Oh yes.
C'RIZZ: You see, this isn't really the Church of the Foundation. The name's a corruption, its origins only half remembered. The word's not foundation, it's foundry.
DOCTOR: Foundry? But that would mean
(The Tardis materialises and the door opens. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: You!
RASSILON: Me, Doctor. You see, young C'Rizz would never have betrayed you to his father. Not when he's already sold himself to me, to Rassilon. (laughs)

[Part Six]

RASSILON: Now, Doctor, surely you can't be surprised to see me?
DOCTOR: Boggled, astounded, discombobulated. You were in my Tardis all along, weren't you? Ever since Caerdroia.
RASSILON: Oh, earlier than that. It's been a most agreeable ride. Ah, my Foundry. But it's in such a terrible state of disrepair.
DOCTOR: I'll say. It'll need more than a flick of a feather duster and blast of Mister Sheen.
RASSILON: Do be quiet, Doctor, unless you want to experience a touch more particle dissemination. Now, your master has returned. Revive.
(Deep rumblings.)
RASSILON: Revive.
CHARLEY: Doctor, it's changing. The Foundry's alive.
DOCTOR: It's responding to Rassilon's presence in the same was as a Tardis to its pilot. They share symbiotic nuclei. But the engineering of it's all a bit beyond me.
RASSILON: C'Rizz, the moonstone, if you please.
C'RIZZ: Not yet. I mean to get what I want.
DOCTOR: You're right not to trust him, C'Rizz. I trusted him once, and ended up a deranged embodiment of anti-time. Not one of my better days.
CHARLEY: Of course, the Doctor is someone important. He'll probably just kill you soon as he finds some other mug to do his dirty work. Oh, speaking of which.
KRO'KA: Miss Charlotte. In a bit of a fix now, aren't you? No use crying out for mummy.
CHARLEY: That was cheap, Kro'Ka. Cheap and nasty. Still, at least I didn't fall for it, unlike some.
C'RIZZ: They're just words, Charlotte. They can't hurt me.
DOCTOR: What did he promise you, C'Rizz? L'Da, was it? Everything like it was before the Kromon came? The dead stay dead, my friend. That's how it is. But it's hard.
RASSILON: Not here, Doctor. Here, the universe repeats itself over and over again. Everyone who ever lived is reborn again, lives the same life over again.
DOCTOR: By your design.
RASSILON: True. But now I have my Foundry back, I can adjust the template slightly. Reinvent the wheel, if you like. C'Rizz, the woman Perfection, she's sneaking up on you.
C'RIZZ: What?
KRO'KA: You stupid boy. Give me that.
(Particle beam, Perfection screams.)
KRO'KA: Had enough yet, all of you? What a useful device this is.
RASSILON: You should now, Kro'Ka.

DOCTOR: Bet you got it in the neck all the time, didn't you, Kro'Ka?
CHARLEY: He hasn't got a neck.
DOCTOR: What did he do to you, Kro'Ka? Promised you everything you wanted first, then played you off against your masters. Keep, I suppose, since he'd absorbed the original Divergents by that time.
CHARLEY: Bet Rassilon threatened to tell Keep you were working for someone else if you ever stopped helping him out.
KRO'KA: Something like that.
DOCTOR: Poor old Kro'Ka. Everybody's whipping boy. Don't you ever get tired of it?
KRO'KA: Are you quite finished?
RASSILON: The Doctor, dear Kro'Ka, never stops. But I ought to congratulate him on a job well done. When the Divergents found me here in my Foundry, waiting for the zenith of the circle, waiting for the gateways between our universes to intersect, when they dragged me away, I confess I almost abandoned all hope of ever returning home. But with you to bring me in your Tardis, and you to collect the key for me, well, you couldn't have made it easier if you tried.
CHARLEY: It wouldn't have worked if C'Rizz hadn't sold the Doctor out.
RASSILON: That will teach you to throw in your lot with a Eutermesan. A remarkable species. Chameleonic, socially and mentally, as well as physically. They can't help it, but they just don't know their own minds. Perfect for me to subjugate. Perfect to build up my Foundry.
DOCTOR: Perfect suckers for your cooked-up religion.
RASSILON: I don't mean you, C'Rizz. You're a cut above, of course.
C'RIZZ: I'm not interested, Rassilon. All I want is to conclude our deal.
RASSILON: Of course. Into the Tardis, dear friend C'Rizz. You too, Kro'Ka. And as for you, Doctor, Miss Pollard, the gateway will open and shut very soon. I very much fear that you'll miss your opportunity to pass through. But don't worry, the universe will reset itself before very long, and you can begin to climb your way up the evolutionary ladder again. It'll only be, oh, twenty or thirty millennia by Gallifreyan reckoning before you get another chance.
DOCTOR: You know I couldn't leave even if I wanted to.
RASSILON: Do I? Enjoy your next life, Doctor.
(Tardis door closes, Tardis dematerialises.)
DOCTOR: What did he mean? I'll never exit this universe, he knows that.
CHARLEY: In the Tardis, when he tried to corrupt me, he said that the Zagreus part of you got filtered out the moment we arrived in this universe.
DOCTOR: How convenient.
CHARLEY: He said you knew. That you'd leave the first chance you got, without me, without C'Rizz. I didn't fall for it.
DOCTOR: But C'Rizz did. It's anti-time, not Scotch mist. Rassilon wants out, and he'll lie and he'll cheat and he'll twist and he'll wriggle, do whatever he can to ensure it. Don't be too hard on C'Rizz. I think he'll be getting a nasty surprise.

C'RIZZ: How much longer?
RASSILON: Just a short hop. Don't look so nervous, C'Rizz. I'm a Lord of Time. I'm noble like you. I'd never resort to chicanery, to some vulgar double-cross.
(Kro'Ka nearly laughs.)
RASSILON: Something to say, Kro'Ka?
KRO'KA: No, nothing, my lord.
RASSILON: Are you sure? You are my creature. Mine. Subsume yourself or be crushed.
KRO'KA: (strangulated) I understand, my lord. I'm sorry.
RASSILON: Good.
C'RIZZ: Was that necessary?
RASSILON: Kro'Ka does like his fun, but he's never happier than when he's snivelling. It's a master and servant thing, isn't it, Kro'Ka.
KRO'KA: Yes, my lord. Yes.

(Perfection groans.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, your girlfriend's waking up.
DOCTOR: Charley, she's not my girlfriend.
CHARLEY: Have you told her that?
PERFECTION: What happened? That man, Rassilon. Doctor, we've got to stop him.
KEEP: Agreed, ma cherie, agreed.
DOCTOR: Disagreed, Keep. If Rassilon returns to my universe, the worst that he'll do is stir up the Time Lords, throw out Romana, subjugate Gallifrey once more. No, there's something far worse to worry about.
KEEP: And that is?
DOCTOR: You.
(Rumbling sound.)
PERFECTION: What's happening, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Only the end of the world, I expect. You heard Rassilon. We're at the zenith of the time loop this universe is caught in, when everything is destroyed and recreated. I don't doubt this moon is included. But you know what? I'm not sure I care
PERFECTION + CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: I'm not doing anything. Not if it gives Keep here a shot at multiuniversal domination. And since the way to the heart of the Foundry, the way to the door, is shut up behind bulkheads only I know how to open, perhaps it's best just to stop.
KEEP: Bulkheads like these, do you mean? Hardly very imposing. But you see, even the sturdiest door has a few microns space between its components. And a few microns space (effort) is enough for yours truly.
CHARLEY: What's happening to him?
DOCTOR: He's squeezing himself through the lock. This isn't good.
PERFECTION: Stop him, Doctor.
DOCTOR: How?
(Squish, plop.)
CHARLEY: Oh well, that's that, then. Come on, Doctor, there's no choice now.
DOCTOR: Yes, you're right. Now, how did these codes go?
(Multiple thumps.)
CHARLEY: Well, they weren't a problem last time. Has Rassilon changed them?
DOCTOR: Different codes but same principle. I think my logarithms must be rusty.
PERFECTION: No, no, no. Try
(Bulkhead unlocks.)
DOCTOR: Perfection, how did you?
CHARLEY: Lucky guess?
PERFECTION: Don't blow it off, Doctor. We need the luck of the devil right now.
DOCTOR: You're right, Into the Foundry. Come on!

(Tardis materialises, door opens. Footsteps.)
C'RIZZ: This is it.
RASSILON: The heart of my Foundry. Ah, I see the outermost bulkhead has been breached. Come on then, Doctor. Catch me if you can.
KRO'KA: What are you doing, my lord?
RASSILON: Just making it a contest. I can't believe the Doctor would want too easy a ride.

DOCTOR: Now, this way, wasn't it?
PERFECTION: All these corridors look the same to me.
CHARLEY: Oh, you'll make the ideal companion.
DOCTOR: Shh, Charley.
(Rumbling sound.)
PERFECTION: What's that
CHARLEY: What's that, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Worrying.

PERFECTION: It's coming from behind us, getting louder.
CHARLEY: All right, we know.
DOCTOR: Ah, lava.
CHARLEY: From the volcano? I thought you said it
DOCTOR: Cosmic matter, then.
PERFECTION: It can be tutti frutti ice cream for all I care. It's going to swamp us! Run!
CHARLEY: Left or right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Um, er, left.
PERFECTION: No, right, Charley, right.
CHARLEY: Don't push me!
PERFECTION: Here! Through here!
(Door shuts on rumbling sound..)
PERFECTION: Phew, that was close.
CHARLEY: Oh, too close. Doctor? Where's the Doctor?
PERFECTION: Er, he went left, I guess. Should have gone right.
CHARLEY: Oh no, Doctor!
(Thumps on door.)
PERFECTION: Forget it, Charley. He'll make his own luck. And if he doesn't, well.
CHARLEY: Shut up. You don't love him. You don't even like him. You've just used him, you cold, heartless cow!
(Slap!.)
PERFECTION: Is that the best you've got?
(Slap!)
PERFECTION: Pathetic.
CHARLEY: What does it take to make you feel anything?
PERFECTION: In my old life, a man with a great big wallet.
CHARLEY: Are you listening to me?
PERFECTION: Why, you got something interesting to say? No? Then be quiet. That's it again.
CHARLEY: That's what again?
PERFECTION: Next bulkhead.
(Bulkhead opens.)
CHARLEY: Oh, bugs. This place has a serious pest problem.
PERFECTION: And not just ordinary bugs. Keep bugs. He's versatile, I'll give him that. Come on.
CHARLEY: I'm not walking over those.
PERFECTION: You'll do as you're told, girl. Across the way, that's Rassilon's armoury.
CHARLEY: How do you know?
PERFECTION: And we'll need a weapon if we're going take my husband on.
CHARLEY: I said, how do you know?
(Perfection's voice takes on the Zagreus distortion.)
PERFECTION: Question me again and I'll tear your tongue out!

(Running.)
DOCTOR: Well now, this is fun, Doctor. It's not moving so fast, but it's not getting tired. Oh look, a dead end. Today just gets better and better. Time to call in some help. Kro'Ka! Kro'Ka, don't speak. I'm in your head.
KRO'KA: Doctor, is that you? You've learned my trick, then.
DOCTOR: Oh, I think our mental link is well established now. I'd have tuned in sooner if I'd known you were still around.
KRO'KA: This is pleasant. But it's not a social call, I'm guessing. Is that lava I hear? Oh dear, what a pickle.
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm in rather a tight spot, I'll concede.
KRO'KA: What, and you want me to get you out of it. Fat chance, Doctor. But don't go away. If you're going to fry, I'll be happy to watch.
DOCTOR: I know Rassilon, Kro'Ka. He's used you. That makes you weak in his eyes, and he won't tolerate weaklings for long.

KRO'KA: I won't need him for long. He's promised to take me away from this universe, away from the Divergents. I'm not a fool. Once I'm through that door, he won't see me for dust.
DOCTOR: Then he'll hunt you down for the sport. Keep's coming for him, Kro'Ka. You know Keep? The real Divergents? Rassilon doesn't have a hope against him. Get me out of this, Kro'Ka, and I'll save you from Keep.
KRO'KA: How, exactly?
DOCTOR: I'll give you my Tardis. Kro'Ka, are you there?
KRO'KA: I'm still here, Doctor. It's an interesting bargain.
DOCTOR: And you know I'll keep it, don't you.
KRO'KA: Oh, your word is your bond, of that I've no doubt. Don't you ever get tired of being so good?
DOCTOR: Not often. All you want's your freedom, Kro'Ka. With the Tardis you can have it. I'll give you the key, even show you how to work it. Me, Charley, Perfection, C'Rizz, we'll get another chance another day. In the meantime, there's a lot of living we can do.
KRO'KA: Oh, spare me the sanctimony. It makes my flesh crawl.
DOCTOR: I'm running out of corridor, Kro'Ka.
KRO'KA: Don't rush me. I'm thinking. Dum-ti dum-ti dum-ti-dum.
DOCTOR: Kro'Ka!
KRO'KA: All right, Doctor. I'll divert the flow. My very own Tardis. What fun!

RASSILON: Kro'Ka, what are you doing? Get away from my controls.
KRO'KA: I was just looking, my lord.
RASSILON: Well, don't.
(Particle beam.)
C'RIZZ: Stop tormenting, him, Rassilon. Not when you've business with me.
RASSILON: That's true, friend C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: You promised me the past. You promised me L'Da.
RASSILON: I did.
C'RIZZ: Was that a lie?
RASSILON: One man's truth is another man's falsehood.
C'RIZZ: Oh, spare me the parables. I know from the way you treat Kro'Ka here that your morality differs from mine.
KRO'KA: Well, I'm not sure
C'RIZZ: Belt up, Kro'Ka. No one actually cares what you think, what you do or who you work for. You're not important enough. Well, Rassilon? Was it a lie?
RASSILON: Of course it was. I needed you to do precisely what you're doing now, placing both parts of the key in the lock. Everything else was a fiction.
C'RIZZ: Why?
RASSILON: I needed to achieve my aims.
C'RIZZ: No, why did I believe you, I mean.
RASSILON: As I said before, your species was bred that way. Easily manipulated so they'd keep the Church going, so that at the end of every life cycle, someone would bring the moonstone here and attempt to open the door. With the Doctor's Tardis in my possession, it can act as the necessary airlock between the two universes. The cycle ends here. Now. There, you see? The key is in place. And here
(High pitched noise.)
RASSILON: Is the door.
C'RIZZ: The Doctor's universe, it's through here?
RASSILON: Not just yet, C'Rizz. The celestial spheres must intersect first, to pass to and from. Not long now, though. Not long at all. Of course, if you want to meet L'Da again.
C'RIZZ: I do.
RASSILON: Then step through now. You'll be whisked back to the time of your birth, of your entry into this sphere, be born again, live your childhood again, meet your woman again.
C'RIZZ: See her die again. Feel the pain again.
RASSILON: A life with no pain would be empty.

KRO'KA: My lord, listen.
RASSILON: What is it now?
KRO'KA: It's coming from outside.
RASSILON: The bulkhead behind us is sealed.
C'RIZZ: But is it airtight? Look.
KRO'KA: Insects. I've seen them before, in the Interzone, in the Kromon sector.
RASSILON: What's the meaning of this?
(Squelch.)
KEEP: That's better. Oh, it's not so easy to fragment oneself into a swarm of such tiny creatures.
KRO'KA: You've done it before.
KEEP: Indeed. I needed to keep an eye on the Doctor and Miss Pollard, to ensure you made contact with them at the start of their long, long journey.
RASSILON: You're too late, Keep. I have control of the door, the key, C'Rizz and the Tardis. The cards are all mine.
KEEP: Ah, Rassilon. How many times have we played out this scene?
RASSILON: I. Explain.
KEEP: Every time the cycle ends, you find yourself here, with whichever version of Guidance and some child or pet of his has the moonstones. But every time, something happens to delay you, to prevent you from stepping through the door. Every time I, or the Divergents as were, catch up with you and send you back to square one, your memories blanked. And so the whole cycle restarts, and your hunt for the key begins again.
RASSILON: I don't understand.
KEEP: You and the Kro'Ka, eighty four times so far. You start a journey, you end up here, you fail to operate the door, you go back to your arrival in this universe, and it all begins again.
RASSILON: No. That is
C'RIZZ: A falsehood? You should be used to those, O great lord Rassilon.
KEEP: You have once again done what is required of you. Brought me the key. This time, I have the Doctor and his Tardis. This time, I shall be free.
KRO'KA: And us? Rassilon and I?
KEEP: Oh, time to begin again. And this time without the Doctor's help. Time to begin your eighty fifth cycle.
KRO'KA: No. Keep, please, not me. I could serve you, loyally this time. Let me retain my memory. Let *me* betray Rassilon and work only for you.
KEEP: Oh, this time you'll retain your memory, both of you, for I shall not be here. I shall have gone to your universe, Rassilon. You know, looking at the two of you, I am minded to think of a pair of
(Squelch.)
KEEP: Monkeys.
RASSILON: What is this? Unhand me, creatures, Unhand me, I say!
KRO'KA: Keep back. Shoo! Shoo! Ow! Get off.
KEEP: Now, lord Rassilon.
RASSILON: No, not the door. Not yet. I am Rassilon. I am the All-Father. I am
(Sucking noise and echoing cries, then silence.)
C'RIZZ: Are they dead?
KEEP: No, mon petit.
(The monkeys squelch back into Keep.)
KEEP: Their life cycle has begun anew, but this time with their memories intact, and they should find it most diverting. Et maintenant, my apotheosis. And, oh, my Eutermesan friend.
C'RIZZ: Yes?
(Big thump.)
KEEP: You shan't be using this box of tricks on me again. But I bear you no grudge. You may live. You, after all, brought the moonstones together. So, this would be the Tardis, yes? The electronic caravan through which one navigates the door. Oh, yes. Oh, there is power here. This transport, I think, suits me well.
(Bulkhead door opens.)
PERFECTION: Get away from there, Keep.

KEEP: Oh, my darling wife. Et Mademoiselle Pollard aussi. Have you come to bid Keep a tearful adieu?
C'RIZZ: Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Stay where you are, Eutermesan.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte? What's wrong with you? Charlotte?
PERFECTION: Be quiet, reptile. I have a leaving gift for you, my husband.
KEEP: A harpoon gun. Oh, you shouldn't have. Fire away. It can't affect me.
PERFECTION: Consider this a divorce.
(Whoosh, squelch, groans.)
PERFECTION: I know it won't kill you, my love, but the regenerative inhibitor in the tip will stop you spawning mini-monsters for a while. Such an inventive mind Mister Rassilon had. His armoury was full of exciting toys like this.
KEEP: Why, why have you done this, Perfection?
PERFECTION: You'll see, honey. You'll see.
C'RIZZ: The Church is not the Truth, it is the Foundry. All things (continues muttering under dialogue)
PERFECTION: Doctor, my hero.
DOCTOR: You got here, then.
PERFECTION: Sure did. Say, what do you know, the good guys won.
DOCTOR: Is that right? C'Rizz, can you hear me?
PERFECTION: Er, he got broken, Doctor. His mind went snap! It's what happens, I guess, when little boys play big boy's games.
DOCTOR: Hang on in there, C'Rizz. It can still be all right, you'll see. What about the others? What about Rassilon?
PERFECTION: Zapped back to year zero.
DOCTOR: Kro'Ka?
PERFECTION: Oh, he got zapped too.
DOCTOR: Keep?
PERFECTION: See for yourself. It's kind of unpleasant.
DOCTOR: Charley? What happened to Charley?
CHARLEY: (monotone) Here, Doctor.
PERFECTION: She's been helping me out, haven't you, Charley?
CHARLEY: Yes. I've been helping her out.
PERFECTION: All friends now, aren't we.
CHARLEY: The very best of friends.
PERFECTION: And now we're all going home together. Cos there's no place like home, right?
(An alarm sounds.)
PERFECTION: Hey, that must mean it's time.
DOCTOR: The spheres of the two universes, they're in synch now?
PERFECTION: Just for a short while, so come on, Doctor. You and me and your favourite companion. Let's get aboard the Tardis and get ourselves home.
DOCTOR: Sorry, can't do that. There's the sentient mass of anti-time, you see. It can't affect a timeless universe, but back in my cosmos it'd chew up all history then spit it back out.
PERFECTION: Yeah, but Rassilon said it had left you. That it got filtered out when you first landed here.
DOCTOR: That's what he said. I've been thinking, Perfection. What if, just that once, he was telling the truth?
PERFECTION: What if he was?
DOCTOR: Stop flirting with me. I don't like it.
PERFECTION: You liked it in the jungle, when I was your damsel in distress.
DOCTOR: I knew something was wrong when you shot the mother of Jembere-Bud just so you could get away from Keep.
PERFECTION: Neat accident, though. It got you going. What else?
DOCTOR: The Garden of Eden bit?
PERFECTION: You didn't Adam and Eve it.
DOCTOR: Not in this universe, no. Then you knew Charley's name when all the time I'd not once used it.
PERFECTION: Tut. You think you've covered everything.

DOCTOR: Charley knew in her own way that you weren't right.
PERFECTION: She was just jealous.
DOCTOR: A little, perhaps. My Tardis wasn't.
PERFECTION: Now you've lost me.
DOCTOR: Right at the start, when we first approached this moon, she could smell you here. Why else her kamikaze act?
PERFECTION: Damn that Tardis!
DOCTOR: So, how long has it been you've been waiting?
PERFECTION: Just for ever. The disembodied bit, that was the worst. No time here, you see. I couldn't possess just any one, not like before. Only dead people. But the dead still know stuff. When Perfection killed herself, I
DOCTOR: Killed herself!
PERFECTION: Oh, you didn't know. Keep, he treated her worse that you'd ever believe. One day she realised she'd just had enough. I'd been onto him for ages, though. All I had to do was stick around Keep and I'd get my shot at the door soon enough. And here we all are.
DOCTOR: What now, then?
PERFECTION: When I was in you, that was the best. We made a great couple, you and I. My brains and your beauty.
DOCTOR: You got that the wrong way round.
PERFECTION: No, like I said, we were great for each other. We could be great again.
DOCTOR: I don't think so.
PERFECTION: Oh, pity. Would it be different
CHARLEY: If I asked you like this?
DOCTOR: Let her go.
CHARLEY: It would, wouldn't it. You don't want a real woman. Much too scary. You want a pretty young thing like me, all innocent, all wide-eyed. Come on, Doctor, you know you want it.
DOCTOR: I said, Zagreus, let Charley go!
PERFECTION: Oh, you said it. You said the word! (Zagreus voice) You've only gone and spoiled it now.
CHARLEY: Zagreus lives inside your head. Zagreus lives among the dead. Zagreus sees you in your bed.
PERFECTION: Have her back on board with us now.
CHARLEY: (normal) Oh! Oh, Doctor, Doctor, she's
DOCTOR: I know.
PERFECTION: You're welcome to her, Doctor. Me, I'll be fine on my little old lonesome.
(New alarm.)
PERFECTION: Oops, here's me yakking away when the door's not long from closing. Time to make my Tardis trip, I'd say. Ah!
C'RIZZ: No. No, I won't let you. This is the right thing, isn't it, Doctor? To stop her. That's what you want?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, don't. You'll only get hurt.
PERFECTION: Damn right, buster. Ha!
(Crash.)
CHARLEY: Oh C'Rizz, you idiot. Are you all right?
C'RIZZ: I think so, Charlotte. Oh, Charlotte, I've been such a fool.
CHARLEY: We noticed.
PERFECTION: Right then, Doctor. Think I'm all done here. Into the Tardis and away I go. You can't stop me.
DOCTOR: Clearly.
PERFECTION: You'll regret this, you know. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon, and for the rest of your
DOCTOR: Just get lost, Zagreus.
PERFECTION: You know your trouble, Doctor? You're no fun any more.
(Opens Tardis door.)

PERFECTION: Bye, all. It's been real.
(Tardis door closes.)

PERFECTION: Zagreus lives inside your head. Zagreus lives among the dead. Zagreus sees you in your bed, and eats you when you're sleeping. Echo in here? It's nothing. Zagreus at the end of days, Zagreus sets the skies ablaze.
KEEP [OC]: Zagreus comes when time's a maze and all of history is weeping.
PERFECTION: Hey! Hey, Tardis, is that you? Cut that out. I'm having a moment to myself here.
KEEP [OC]: Tardis? Tardis? (laughs)
PERFECTION: Yes, you. Don't mess with me. You know who I am. You know what I can do to you. You remember my rhyme, right?
KEEP [OC]: Only because you used to say it in your sleep, my darling.
PERFECTION: Keep? Should have figured it'd take something special to lay Mister Elastic out for good. Come on, Keep. Show yourself! How'd you get in here?
KEEP [OC]: No, no, no. The question is, my darling, how did *you* get in *me*?
PERFECTION: K-keep?

CHARLEY: Well, that's it, then. We've lost. Even if we got home, Zagreus will have eaten it. After everything we've been through, it seems so unfair.
DOCTOR: You're sure about that?
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, I'm not in the mood.
C'RIZZ: You're in *a* mood, clearly.
CHARLEY: Don't try me, C'Rizz. Don't you dare try me.
DOCTOR: Didn't either of you notice in all the time we were talking, what happened to Keep?
C'RIZZ: Oh, he was just there, by the Tardis.
CHARLEY: What, Keep's in the Tardis?
DOCTOR: And which Tardis would that be?
CHARLEY: What do you mean, which Tardis? Th-there's two! One in front of the other.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what did Zagreus step into just now?
DOCTOR: I think you can guess.

PERFECTION: What's happening, Keep?
KEEP [OC]: I thought, before you leave, my angel, how about a goodbye hug? You can spare me a final embrace, can't you? One last long lingering squeeze.
PERFECTION: Keep! Let me out of you, Keep! I am Zagreus! I am time's ravagement. I am the Beast at the beginning and the end. Release me! I order you. Now!
KEEP [OC]: You order me? My love, by now you should know I wear the trousers round here.
(Perfection-Zagreus screams amidst the squelching sounds.)

C'RIZZ: Both of them, together in that mass of
CHARLEY: (unintelligible) A marriage made in hell.
DOCTOR: Well, it'll never last. Keep's strong, but he can't hold Zagreus for ever. Long enough for us to leave, though. Oh, and time is running out.
CHARLEY: They deserve each other.
C'RIZZ: There's no need to gloat, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: I wasn't.
C'RIZZ: You were.
CHARLEY: I wasn't.
C'RIZZ: You were!
CHARLEY: Doctor, tell him.
DOCTOR: You were.
CHARLEY: Doctor!

C'RIZZ: See?
DOCTOR: You were goading her, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: I wasn't.
CHARLEY: You were.
DOCTOR: That's enough! Come on, follow me.
CHARLEY: Oh, I wouldn't turn your back on him, not unless you want a knife in it.
C'RIZZ: Haven't you got some bunnies to boil? That is the right expression?
CHARLEY: Snake in the grass. Now that's an expression.
C'RIZZ: Green-eyed monster, now that's another.
DOCTOR: No!
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: No?
DOCTOR: No, we're not going. At least, not like this.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, whatever it is, it can wait. We have to go now while we've still got the chance.
DOCTOR: I'm well aware our window of opportunity is narrowing by the second, or however it is you divvy up time in a timeless universe, and I want to get back more desperately that either of you can possibly imagine. But your friendship, both of you, means more to me than even that. More than the Vortex, more than Gallifrey, more than Earth. More than the freedom to walk the whole of history, stopping wherever and whenever I want. The thing is, I won't choose between you.
C'RIZZ: No one's asking you to.
DOCTOR: But you are, C'Rizz. The two of you, the way things are, you can't stay together. How long will it be before it all falls apart? Before one of the other gets squeezed out? We need to be friends if it's going to work.
CHARLEY: Oh, now Doctor, I've heard of cutting your nose off to spite your face, but this is
DOCTOR: Ridiculous, am I?
CHARLEY: Doctor, I didn't mean
C'RIZZ: I think that's exactly what she meant.
DOCTOR: And the sad thing is, Rassilon was right. You, Charley, I didn't ask you to come here. I didn't want you to follow me. That's the plain truth. And as for you, C'Rizz, your personality was moulded around me, tailored to fit. So what choice did I have when you asked to come with me? I don't know the real you, C'Rizz. I don't know you at all.
CHARLEY: But that's just the point. He doesn't either. So how can we trust him.
DOCTOR: Is that the Royal We, Charley? Don't tell me what I should or shouldn't think.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: And don't Doctor me, either. You see, it's already falling apart, and we're not out of here yet.
C'RIZZ: We never will be, Doctor, unless you stop this and open the door!
CHARLEY: Oh, so it does have some balls.
DOCTOR: That's enough! Let's see now, how much longer have we got? Oh dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, decaying fast. Fifty heartbeats, sixty at best.
CHARLEY: Oh Doctor, what do you want?
DOCTOR: Simply this. I want us to be a team. If there's anything between us, anything that's going to stop us getting on, the way we three live, that'll kill one or all of us in the end. So whatever it is, let's have it.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry?
DOCTOR: You heard. Let's have it. Now. I'm waiting.
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: I
CHARLEY: You first.
C'RIZZ: No, you.
DOCTOR: Not long now.
CHARLEY: Oh for. Doctor, I don't want to share you. The way it was for a time, it was the best. Me and you against the world, whichever world you care to name. And then when it went wrong, like it always had to, well, I couldn't bear to see you all alone. I thought you needed me, and all the time it was me needed

you. C'Rizz, Perfection, whoever, they've always been the competition.
DOCTOR: Oh, Charley, don't you know yet? You'll always be in a league of your own.
C'RIZZ: What, me? Er, there's not much to say. You're right, both of you. After today, I don't know who I am, what I'm capable of. But I do know that I'm going to change, because that's what I do. How, I don't know. But I want to be with you, because there's no one else I trust to keep me as me.
DOCTOR: Thank you, C'Rizz. Does that work for you, Charley?
CHARLEY: Oh what, he's going to change?
DOCTOR: We are going to change. All three of us. Right now we're in a world without Time, year nothing, year zero. We walk into the Tardis, we start again from scratch. No resentments, no bitterness, no anger, no yearning.
CHARLEY: Yearning? Oh. Right.
DOCTOR: We just share the adventure, agreed?
CHARLEY: Do we have to shake on it or something, only
C'RIZZ: We're running out of time.
DOCTOR: Agreed? Well, what are we waiting for? Scram!
(They run into the Tardis. It dematerialises. Squelch and big gasps of breath.)
PERFECTION: They've gone! Gone!
KEEP: Oh, my poor darling. What is left for you now?
PERFECTION: It begins all over again, that's all. Time means nothing here, least of all to me. I can wait.
KEEP: And wait, and wait, and wait, and in the meantime?
PERFECTION: Yes?
KEEP: Well, we are the two most remarkable beings in this universe, are we not?
PERFECTION: True.
KEEP: We could fight, of course.
PERFECTION: Like Titans, the galaxy our arena. That might prove diverting.
KEEP: But for how long, mon amour? On the other hand
PERFECTION: We could show this cosmos who's boss.
KEEP: Put a bit of stick about, yeah?
PERFECTION: Do you propose we renew our vows, Mister Keep?
KEEP: Why, I believe I do, Madame Keep. It would be intriguing.
PERFECTION: It would be (pause) perfection.

KRO'KA: My lord, how long do you think it's been since I talked to you?
RASSILON: Ages.
KRO'KA: No, exactly how long? Minutes? Hours?
RASSILON: Oh, I don't know.
KRO'KA: Come on, think.
RASSILON: Half an hour, maybe? Well?
KRO'KA: Interesting.
RASSILON: Is that it? Is that all you're going to say?
KRO'KA: Thirty two hours fourteen minutes.
RASSILON: What?
KRO'KA: Sensory deprivation. We can't do anything but hear. All our other senses are being cut off, and our brain is shutting down accordingly. You knew we hadn't spoken for quite a while, but you still telescoped it down to no more than half an hour.
RASSILON: We've been walking non-stop for thirty two hours?
KRO'KA: Oh, much longer than that. I said we hadn't *spoken* for thirty two hours. I would estimate that we've probably been walking non-stop the best part of a week.
RASSILON: It can't be. It doesn't feel that long. I mean, I'm a Time Lord. I'd know, wouldn't I?
KRO'KA: We're trapped in the Divergent's initial experiment, but without either them or Keep to watch over us, to observe, to report. Tell me, my so-called Lord Rassilon, do you feel tired?
RASSILON: No.

KRO'KA: Hungry? Thirsty?
RASSILON: I hadn't even thought about it. I'm unimpaired.
KRO'KA: And you still can't smell anything or touch anything.
RASSILON: No, nothing. Nor can I see in this brightness. Where are you, Kro'Ka? Physically here or in my head?
KRO'KA: There. Feel that? I'm squeezing your arm.
RASSILON: Yes. Just about. You can squeeze harder if you want.
KRO'KA: I'm afraid I can't. I'm squeezing as hard as I can.
RASSILON: But I can barely make it out.
KRO'KA: You have to admit it's fascinating. The means by which we measure, we assess, we judge, all the means which give us some definition, all fading away. Curious how fragile we turn out to be.
RASSILON: Curious? It's terrifying! Keep! Keep! Let me out of here! You can't do this to me! Please! I can't do all this again and again and again. Keep!

(The Tardis materialises and the doors open.)
C'RIZZ: It's dark. Is your universe always this dark?
CHARLEY: No, not normally. But it could be a corridor or a cave.
DOCTOR: Or we could just be somewhere else in C'Rizz's universe. No guarantees, remember?
CHARLEY: Oh, spoilsport. No, this is home. I can, I can sense it.
C'RIZZ: How?
DOCTOR: She can't sense it at all. She's just hoping.
CHARLEY: Well, aren't you?
DOCTOR: Might be. Possibly. Perhaps. All right, yes.
C'RIZZ: At least in my universe the lights worked. Metal. Not a cave, then.
CHARLEY: Shame they didn't give you x-ray vision to go with your super-duper hearing.
C'RIZZ: Shame they didn't give you a map instead a mouth.
DOCTOR: Ah ha, children. Remember what the Doctor said.
CHARLEY: We're only joking.
DOCTOR: It's hard to tell sometimes.
C'RIZZ: We could do with one of your everlasting matches right now.
CHARLEY: Useless things.
C'RIZZ: How so?
CHARLEY: They don't last for ever. About three minutes, if I remember rightly.
DOCTOR: This way, children. Follow me.
CHARLEY: Yes, Doctor.
C'RIZZ: Right away, Doctor. Is it going to be like this from now on, having to watch everything we say?
CHARLEY: (laughs) For a week or so, then he'll forget. Or be rude to one of us and we can turn the tables. So, do you think we're home, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Don't know yet. There's a door here.
C'RIZZ: How can you tell?
DOCTOR: By pushing on it. And (creak) it's opening.
CHARLEY: Light!
C'RIZZ: Stop, Doctor!
DOCTOR: Why?
C'RIZZ: Charlotte's right. We saw a crack of light.
DOCTOR: And that's bad because?
CHARLEY: What if someone's inside?
DOCTOR: Your collective caution is laudable and demonstrates you've learned a lot. However,
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Here goes.
(Door creaks open. Familiar rhythmic tones in background.)
CHARLEY: Oh, I imagine this means we're home, then.
DALEK: Do not move! (repeats under dialogue)
DALEK 2: You are Doctor! (repeats under dialogue)

DAVROS: Doctor. Welcome back. I, we, have been waiting for you.
DOCTOR: Yes, Charley. We're home.